

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.
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Postoffice at Newport, R. I. under
the Act of 1915.

Established June, 1788, and is now in
its one hundred and thirty-seventh year.
It is the oldest newspaper in the Union,
and with less than half a dozen exceptions,
the oldest printed in the English lan-
guage. It is a large quarto weekly of
fourty-eight columns filled with interest-
ing reading—editorial, State, local and
general news, well selected miscellany,
and valuable farmers' and household de-
partments. Reaching so many households
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Local Matters

SUPERIOR COURT

The December session of the Su-
perior Court opened on Monday with
Judge Hugh B. Baker presiding. On
the opening day, candidates for duty
as grand jurors were examined and
sworn in, and retired to consider a
number of cases presented by the As-
sistant Attorney General. They were
out but a short time, and reported
three indictments for breaking and
entering, two of them being against
Robert L. Horton, who created a
sensation in Jamestown a few weeks
ago, when he was captured after
breaking into two summer residences
there. He was later presented before
the Court, and after hearing his
record, Judge Baker inflicted a sen-
tence of two years in State Prison.

There was a hearing on the David
divorce case on the matter of allow-
ance. Moses David, the defendant,
was examined at considerable
length as to his financial resources,
claiming to have met with heavy
losses in the Eagle Bakery, and also
to be losing money at the rate of
\$2000 a year under his contract with
the city for the removal of ashes.
He was ordered to pay \$11 a week to
his wife, pending a hearing of the
case on its merits.

On Tuesday the divorce docket was
in order, but only one case was
heard. Evelyn Lawton Hubbard was
granted a divorce from Charles E.
Hubbard on the ground of neglect
to provide. She was given custody
of the two children.

It was expected that Wednesday
would be devoted to criminal trials,
but in several cases important wit-
nesses were missing, so no cases
went to the jury. A few sentences
were imposed in criminal cases.

Civil cases were begun on Thurs-
day, when the Planters' Nut and
Chocolate Company vs. A. B. Cas-
camas was heard by a jury. This
was an action on book account and
defendant claimed credit for goods
returned. The Art League vs. Sam-
uel R. Feigelman was heard on Fri-
day.

FARM BUREAU

At the annual meeting of the New-
port County Farm Bureau on Tuesday
afternoon, it was voted to adopt
amendments to the Constitution pro-
viding for the establishment of a
home bureau, and to change the name
of the organization to the Newport
County Farm and Home Bureau. The
membership fee is \$3.00 a year for
the Farm Bureau, and \$2.00 a year
for the Home Bureau.

The election of officers resulted in
the election of Frank T. Peckham for
president, Jacob Menz and Mrs.
Frank Y. Hicks vice presidents,
Frank Y. Hicks secretary, and John S.
Coggshall treasurer. County Agent
Sumner D. Hollis presented his an-
nual report, showing much activity
during the year.

Mr. James E. Bradley, one of the
best known printers in Newport, qui-
etly observed his seventieth birthday
on Monday. He was for many years
foreman in the Mercury Office and
has been employed for a number of
years on the Daily News.

WHOLE TICKET RE-ELECTED

Mayor Sullivan, School Committee and
Board of Aldermen Returned to Of-
fice by Substantial Pluralities

Newport seems to be well satisfied
with itself and with its government
and apparently has no desire for a
change. The expense of the city elec-
tion on Tuesday last night almost as
well have been saved, as far as results
were concerned. The entire city gov-
ernment was returned to office by
substantial pluralities in a vote of un-
usually large dimensions. Mayor Sul-
livan, the five members of the board
of aldermen, the four members of the
school committee, and a large major-
ity of the retiring members of the
representative council were re-elected
to office. With the exception of the al-
derman contest in the Second ward,
the results were nowhere close. Al-
derman Kirby of the Second ward
was given a hard fight by John Ma-
han, and the result was so close that
the official count by the board of can-
vassers was necessary to decide the
election. The board decided to count
the votes for that office first through-
out the whole city, in order to settle the
question. In the other case the plu-
ralities were so substantial that there
was no room for argument.

The voting in the early morning
hours of Tuesday was very light, and
it looked as if the total vote for the
day would be small, but at noon the
workers began to hustle in the strag-
glers and during the afternoon there
was a constant stream of voters. The
result was the largest vote ever cast
at a city election, and only slightly
smaller than that cast at the Presi-
dential election last month. There was
not much excitement around the polls,
but plenty of workers, the interest
being centered largely on the contest
for Mayor.

When the polls were closed at 6.30
the ward officers began immediately
on the vote for Mayor, so that the re-
sults were announced before 7.30. It
was found that Herbert W. Smith had
run up fair majorities in the first,
second and third wards, but not nearly
enough to overcome the big majority
for Mortimer A. Sullivan in the fourth
and fifth wards.

An impromptu parade was immedi-
ately organized by the Sullivan ad-
herents and the Municipal Band was as-
sembled to lead the cheering marchers
about the city. Speeches were deliv-
ered by Mayor Sullivan and others of
the successful candidates.

The results, according to the war-
dens' returns, were as follows:

FOR MAYOR

	Smith	Sullivan
1	578	502
2-1	1034	504
2-2	630	632
3-1	548	539
3-2	400	291
4-1	331	353
4-2	189	366
5-1	104	620
5-2	171	752
	4145	5099

Plurality for Sullivan, 855

FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE

	Bark	Carr	Congdon	Covell	Gifford	Rose
1	476	530	627	664	453	443
2-1	850	920	1052	911	870	688
2-2	641	602	734	664	614	412
3-1	436	548	644	578	447	374
3-2	252	427	509	473	266	253
4-1	335	335	450	370	639	306
4-2	170	188	271	237	303	173
5-1	237	181	275	233	541	213
5-2	194	206	335	226	737	225

Plurality for Carr, 4502
Elected: Messrs. Carr, Congdon, Covell,
and Gifford.

FOR ALDERMEN

	Ellis	Gladling	Hanley	Lawton
2-2	57	121	121	121
3-1	52	105	215	187
3-2	88	226	441	218
4-1	42	112	209	91
4-2	45	42	256	83
5-1	32	83	131	51
5-2	44	129	187	47
5-3	30	154	333	54

Plurality for Hanley, 1235

Ward Two

	Kirby	Mahan
1	284	330
2-1	351	717
2-2	228	372
3-1	228	220
3-2	166	275
4-1	153	220
4-2	197	145
5-1	233	187
5-2	418	141

Plurality for Kirby, 44

Ward Three

	Coggshall	Hughes
1	211	261
2-1	635	353
2-2	63	345
3-1	292	270
3-2	244	198
4-1	198	385
4-2	129	184

GROTTO MIRTHQUAKE

The Colonial Theatre was packed
almost to the doors on Thursday
evening, the opening night of the
"Mirthquake," under the auspices of
Kolah Grotto. That the performance
was appreciated was clearly evi-
denced by the tumultuous laughter
and applause that greeted practi-
cally every number on the program.
The show was an excellent one, and
the large audience was kept in gales
of laughter throughout the evening.
Many encores were demanded and
were freely given. Judging by the
opening night, it appears as though
the Mirthquake would be a money
maker for the Grotto, as well as af-
fording much entertainment for the
audience.

The performance opened with a
musical sketch in one act, the prin-
cipals being Mrs. Helen Olivia and
Mr. Jack Allan, re-inforced by a
number of specialties and a well-
trained chorus. The colored cook and
colored maid, portrayed by Misses
Catherine Lawton and Grace Stone,
scored a decided hit.

A bull fight scene, in which the
characters were taken by Monte
Boone and Herbie Holm, was the
second number on the program, and
it was a scream from start to finish.
Mr. Holm, as the young American
colored man who was expected to do
the bull-fighting, drew a laugh with
every utterance.

Miss Silvia Whitman, Miss Fran-
ces Cole and Miss Evelyn Hayward
furnished some sensational dances
for the next number, and all were
heartily applauded. Miss Cole made
a decided hit with her difficult and
pleasing dancing.

The second section was devoted to
an old-fashioned minstrel show, with
Arthur B. Commerford in the role of
interlocutor, a position that he has
filled many times, earning a reputa-
tion as one of the most accomplished
amateurs on the stage. The end men
were in fine fettle, and their songs
and jokes were well received, and
many encores were demanded. The
chorus was competent and well-
trained, and the striking costumes
in which they were dressed made a
very striking picture. The song
numbers were much appreciated and
were heartily applauded.

The Mirthquake was staged under
the direction of the Harry Miller
Company of New York, with Mr.
Gibson in direct charge of the pro-
duction. He proved to be the right
man in the right place and in a very
short period of rehearsal brought
the entire company to a high state
of perfection.

Dr. C. Edward Farnum, Monarch
of Kolah Grotto, was in charge of
the committee of arrangements, and
a large and competent committee
stood back of him.

The board voted to call a meeting
of the representative council for
December 15, for the purpose of au-
thorizing the issue of additional
bonds to finance the Bellevue avenue
pavement.

Much routine business was disposed
of.

"Black Point Farm," the residence
of Colonel Reginald Norman, is again
in the limelight. Some months ago,
hi-jackers made a raid there, and now
it has been discovered that within a
short time a great deal of damage has
been done to the interior of the hand-
some structure. The care taker has
professed ignorance of the cause of
the damage, but some are inclined to
believe that another battle has been
staged there. Colonel Norman was
notified by the care taker, but he
has not yet returned from Europe.

The monthly meeting of the board
of aldermen was devoid of excitement,
the members being principally inter-
ested in the results of the election.
Bills were approved and ordered paid
from the several appropriations.

Because of the belief that an er-
ror had been made in the count of
votes for alderman from the Second
ward, the board of canvassers di-
rected their first efforts toward a
recount of that vote in every ward
of the city. This recount was com-
pleted on Thursday night, and while
it proved that the error existed
as rumored, the change was not
large enough to make any change in
the actual result. The official figures
of the board of canvassers places the
majority for Alderman Kirby at 63.
Mr. John Mahan made an excellent
run, but was not quite strong enough
to win.

This was the only important of-
fice in which there was any ques-
tion as to the result. There are several
close votes for members of the rep-
resentative council, and these will be
straightened out by the official count
as soon as possible.

Elected: James J. Martin, John F.
Furey, Michael F. Kelly, Joseph A.
Donovan, Benj. M. Anthony, James W.
Sullivan, John J. Cassidy, Dennis F.
Nagle, William H. Kane, James Mel-
liff, John M. Lynch, John P. Sweeney,
Ernst Voigt.
Not elected: Emile Bayle, James
D. Brown, William M. Carson, John
L. Cummings, Morris Friedman, John
J. Horgan, Frank W. Pearson, Michael
Reagan, Grace B. Ross, James A.
Woods, Robert L. Woodward.
Elected for 2 Years: Thomas P.
Casey.

Elected: J. Raymond Casey, John
P. Moy, C. J. McCormick, Margaret
E. Keenan, Edward F. Curran, Wil-
liam J. Durns, Stephen S. Carr, John E.
Nagle, William B. Byrnes, Michael F.
Murray, Everett I. Gorton, John F.
Lawton, Harry J. Bennett.

Not elected: William J. Alexander,
Thomas M. Clarke, Michele De Santis,
Philip Dowling, M. Harrington, Jr.,
William Nagle, Louis V. Shanteler,
Isabella M. Stark.

Elected for 2 Years: James E.
Morris.

Elected: J. P. Garrettson, John C.
Seabury, Herbert L. Dyer, William A.
Leys, Clifton L. Tallman, W. Frank
Ebbitt, Edward J. Corcoran, Freder-
ick P. Lee, Albert P. Haas, Julia S.
Hess, William D. Doyle, Peter Peter-
sen, Joseph Pearson.

Not elected: Julian W. Cabral,
George E. Cassimatis, Basil K. Con-
stant, Robert M. Danni, Sidney I.
Jacobs, Marco A. Russo, William H.
Thomas, George J. Yamparis.

Elected for 2 Years: Powel H.
Kazanjan.

Elected: J. Raymond Casey, John
P. Moy, C. J. McCormick, Margaret
E. Keenan, Edward F. Curran, Wil-
liam J. Durns, Stephen S. Carr, John E.
Nagle, William B. Byrnes, Michael F.
Murray, Everett I. Gorton, John F.
Lawton, Harry J. Bennett.

LAWTON-WARREN POST

Department Commander Saunders
of the Grand Army of the Republic
made an official visitation to Lawton-
Warren Post in this city Wednesday
afternoon, being accompanied by his
staff of officers. Dinner was served
at the Perry House, after which the
party met in the Grand Army Hall,
where addresses were delivered by
Mayor Sullivan, and officers of the
Encampment and Post.

At the annual election of officers of
Lawton-Warren Post, held during the
evening, the following were chosen:
Commander—William S. Bailey.
Senior Vice Commander—William
S. Slocum.
Junior Vice Commander—James C.
Hubbard.

Surgeon—Robert Cradle.
Chaplain—Dr. A. F. Squires.
Installing Officer—Edwin H. Tilley.
Officer of the Day—Edwin H. Til-
ley.

Officer of the Guard—Theodore
Hudson.
Patriotic Instructor—George B.
Smith.

Trustees—William S. Bailey, Wil-
liam S. Slocum, James C. Hubbard.
Delegates to Encampment—B. F.
Brown and Peter D. Melville.

Mr. George T. Seabury, formerly
of this city, has been elected sec-
retary of the American Society of
Civil Engineers. He has lived in
Providence for a number of years,
where he has taken an active part in
the life of that busy community, but
his new duties will require him to
make his home in New York. Mr.
Seabury is a son of the late T. Mum-
ford Seabury, and a brother of Col.
John C. Seabury and of Mr. Thomas
M. Seabury.

Mr. Arthur I. Keller, who died in
Riverdale, N. Y., on Tuesday, was well
known in Newport, having married a
daughter of Mr. A. Livingston Mason.
He is survived by a wife and six
children. Mr. Keller was a maga-
zine illustrator of note, whose work
had been in great demand among
publishers. His death was due to
pneumonia, after a brief illness.

The police force were called upon
early Thursday morning to search
for a young girl who was reported
as missing from her home on Edgar
court. After a long search, covering
every part of the city, she was found
in the home of friends who lived
next door.

There was an alarm from box 4
Wednesday afternoon, calling the de-
partment to DeBlois street, where
there was a lively fire in the partition
of a small residence. Considerable
chopping was necessary to make sure
that the flames were extinguished.

Postmaster Thatcher T. Bowler has
been at his office this week, after be-
ing housed for some time by illness.

Mrs. Albert C. Landers, Jr., is
spending a few days in Boston with
her son, Mr. Albert C. Landers, 3rd.

Mr. T. T. Pitman has returned from
Philadelphia.

Middletown

(From our regular correspondent)

The December meeting of the Mid-
dletown Red Cross Public Health
Committee was held on Thursday
evening at the Berkeley Parish
House. The result of the annual
Red Cross Roll Call was announced at
this meeting.

Miss Edith M. Peckham of Boston
has been spending a few days with
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha A.
Peckham.

Miss Isabella Anderson, a stu-
dent at the New England Conserva-
tory of Music, has been guest of Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Carr.

Mrs. William V. Hart, who has
been ill at the home of her daugh-
ter, Mrs. Archibald Atty, in Newport,
for several weeks, is slowly im-
proving. She is able to be out a
short time each day.

An auction sale was held on Fri-
day at the Two Mile Corner farm.
Farm stock, hay, tools, poultry and
other articles were sold by Mr. John
Nicholson, auctioneer.

Mrs. Katherine H. Hersch and son,
of San Diego, California, are spend-
ing the winter with Mrs. Hersch's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Smith.

Mr. Edmund White, one of the old-
est residents of Newport, quietly ob-
served his ninety-first birthday on
Thursday last at his home on Brinley
street.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Smith-Sherman Wedding

The marriage of Miss Hope How-
land Sherman, daughter of Senator
and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman, and
Mr. William Arthur Smith, son of
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Smith, took
place at St. Paul's Church. The cer-
emony was performed by the new
rector, Rev. Frederick Gowenlock.
The bride, who was given away by
her father, wore a gown of Venetian
lace with georgette crepe over radi-
um silk, with a veil of tulle. She
wore a string of pearls, a gift of the
groom, and carried a shower bouquet
of Bride's roses and lilies of the val-
ley. She was attended by her cousin,
Miss Katherine Boyd, as maid of
honor, who wore a gown of orchid
flat crepe, with slier lace top, over
georgette crepe trimmed with orchid
color ostrich tips. She wore a black
velvet hat and carried a bouquet of
pom chrysanthemums, tied with or-
chid maline.

Mr. Basil Matthews acted as best
man. The ushers were Messrs. Ben-
jamin Thurston, Allen Smith, John
Garforth and Minot Tucker.

A reception was held immediately
following the ceremony, in the parish
house which was beautifully de-
corated with palms and cut flowers,
as was the church. The young couple
received the congratulations and best
wishes of their many friends and
relatives under a bower of palms.
Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith received many
beautiful and useful gifts, including
silver, cut glass, linen and furniture.
The exiled Senators at Rutland sent
the young couple a mahogany clock.

After a brief wedding trip, Mr.
and Mrs. Smith will make their home
in this town.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Albro, who
have been residing in the upper
apartment of the building formerly
used as the Melville Postoffice, have
moved to the Albro homestead on
Braman's Lane.

Rev. Frederick Gowenlock and
family of Pontiac have recently
moved into St. Paul's Rectory.

The Odd Fellows of Oakland Lodge,
No. 32, attended the service at St.
Mary's Church on Sunday evening,
by invitation of the Rector, Rev.
James P. Conover.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony, who is a
student at the School of Design in
Providence, has been guest of her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B.
Anthony.

Mrs. Osmer Bacon has returned
from the Newport Hospital with her
son, Carlton Francis. Mrs. Randall
of Newport is spending a week with
Mr. and Mrs. Bacon.

The social committee of Sarah
Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F.,
held a whist and social on Wednes-
day evening at Oakland Hall. After
the whist dancing was enjoyed. Re-
freshments, consisting of sandwiches
and coffee, were served.

News has been received here of
the death of Mr. Leroy Tallman, son
of the late Elijah and Mary J. Tal-
lman, of this town. Mr. Tallman
died in Malba, Long Island. He is
survived by his widow, who was Mrs.
Louisa Gifford of Fall River. Funer-
al services were held at Oak Grove
Cemetery on Thursday at 2 o'clock.
Mr. Tallman attended the public
schools of this town and graduated
from the B. M. C. Durfee High
School in Fall River. He was em-
ployed in Fall River in engineering
work, and later went to New York
in the employ of Booth & Flynn.
After being connected with that
firm, he worked on some of the big-
gest engineering feats of the East,
as well as elsewhere. His work in-
cluded the vehicular tunnel under the
Hudson River.

Miss Amelia Perry, who has been
guest of Miss Kate L. Durfee, has
returned to her home in Pawtucket.

Mr. Ray B. Tallman of Williaman-
tic, Conn., has been guest of his
mother, Mrs. Isabella Tallman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Anthony and
daughter, Miss Gertrude Anthony, of
Millis, Mass., have been visiting re-
latives and friends in this town.

Mr. John Moriarty, chauffeur for
Mr. William Dunn, who was mar-
ried recently, has rented the cottage
formerly owned by the late George
Tripp, on Sprague street.

A surprise party was given Miss
Gladys Lawrence, at her home on
Saturday evening. About thirty
young people were present who en-
joyed dancing, music and games.
Refreshments, consisting of ice
cream, fancy cookies and coffee,
were served.

Mr. Edmund White, one of the old-
est residents of Newport, quietly ob-
served his ninety-first birthday on
Thursday last at his home on Brinley
street.



SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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Synopsis

PART I.—Living in the small, English village of Durbury, old-fashioned and a little place, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Macdonald, rich and well connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft, Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the outlandish conventions of her small town.

They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic, in a few days, comes to Durbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost.

PART II.—Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two survivors, however, find that Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently a savage. Croft rescues her.

Croft discovers a party of blacks, evidently a nonchanceful, but they leave without attempting to harm the pair. Croft recovers his aerial from the wrecked plane.

With the aid of the wireless Croft works on the superstitions of the natives and an attacking party is driven off, apparently in defeat. Secure from immediate danger, Croft and Barbara settle down to make the best of things. Croft, who has recognized the charm of the girl and fears the outcome of their situation, orders her to visit them. He consents to Croft's wish to travel in the world, is able to talk with him.

Barbara and Croft visit the chief. He tells them of a raiding expedition from a warship which had massacred the tribe. In consequence, the blacks had registered a vow of hate against all whites. Croft succeeds in arranging peace between the two tribes.

Croft, with the object of assuring Barbara's safety, tells the blacks she is his wife. Barbara deprecates this lie, but recognizes its necessity. Barbara becomes a warm sentiment of admiration, if not love, for Croft, but sternly discourages it.

The constant association of the two and the fact that Croft has learned from a practically no ships reach the island, awaken him to love. He urges Barbara to become his wife. She demurs, and he argues, but does not press his situation becomes acute, though Croft is unable to convince Barbara that under the circumstances their union—which he declares would be a real marriage—is right and proper.

One of the natives, Babooma, attempts to kill Croft. Barbara shoots and wounds him with a revolver Croft has given her for her protection.

PART III.—The natives, under the leadership of Babooma, exhibit restlessness. Croft, by a simple knowledge of medicine, has saved the life of a child, and the grateful parents, Roowa and Meama, come to live near the two whites. The company of the woman is something of a solace to Barbara.

Croft and Barbara have been on the island nearly a year and there is no prospect of rescue. He urges Barbara more strongly to marry him, but the girl, though admitting her love, for

Six months, when you live in an earthly paradise, are but a dash of vivid light in a sky which is always blue. These two had crossed their looming mountains and arrived at the valley upon the other side; and they found it fair and shining, full of the songs of birds.

The days sped by, each seeming to exceed in beauty its predecessor. There was no need now to fill each moment with arduous, thankless toil. All walls and divisions were down. When Alan, with a few slashing cuts, severed the bamboo partition in their sleeping hut, it had been symbolic.

"There!" he exclaimed, his foot upon the canes strewn the floor. "No more twos. Everything's one."

ominous cloud appeared. Chinabaho, the native chief, fell ill and died. Babooma became head of the tribe. No care or pity for his fellows permeated the hide of brutality encasing Babooma. All the worst instincts of the savage, held in check by the old chief under Croft's influence, now rose to the surface. His own adherents, impatient of restraint, lashed him with joy. The division in the settlement became at once more evident; murmuring, dissatisfaction, upon one side, threats and tortures upon the other.

The white man's popularity had increased with the increase of health, cleanliness and industry among the natives. Now he took full advantage of it, and only his cautious intervention maintained order. The position, however, was fraught with danger. To continue to inspire a semi-superstitious fear, after more than eighteen months was in itself a precarious task, only achieved by the weight of his own personality. Furthermore, he was confronted by Babooma's personal hatred. From Roowa he had learned of the chief's mania for women, and women were scarce in the tribe. White women no longer offended the black men's instincts. At present, vivid memories of a wounded shoulder, blue devil's hissing from round Croft's hut, the supposition of a hidden white tribe over at hand, restrained Babooma from defiance of a man taboo. But familiarity and the scraps of education imparted by the white people were gaining upon superstition. It was only a matter of time.

Barbara had quickly perceived that her man was seriously troubled concerning the tribe. Dimly aware herself of the first faint clouds in the brightness of their sky, heralding a possible storm, she sought to hide them, to keep their happiness undisturbed.

During the following months the cloud grew ever more menacing. Those natives who, fundamentally brutal and idle, had not appreciated their enforced life of industry, quickly deteriorated under Babooma's leadership. His adherents increased in number, as did his cruelties. There being insufficient grown women, he seized young girls, almost children, made them the toys of his lusts, and afterward they disappeared—sometimes, under cloak of religious fanaticism, upon the sacrificial altar to Baboonka; sometimes to satiate his own appetite for human flesh.

Many times Croft was on the point of utilizing that last bullet. But with it his influence would have vanished. Natives regard their own chief with extraordinary superstition. To them he is permanently taboo. The next in rank was one of Babooma's followers. Only more danger would have resulted for Barbara and himself, and probably civil war in the settlement. These people were insisting on making their own hell, and nobody could save them short of exterminating half their number.

After a time Alan refused to allow Barbara near the settlement. She said little. She passed long hours with Meama and her children, banishing the mental torture during his absence in the radiance of her welcome upon his return.

One night he returned, after a stormy day's battling in the south, with his own optimism gravely shaken. It was, he knew, but a question of days before the threatening mine should burst. The division had widened to an extent which only blood and explosion would, eventually, bridge; it needed but a match to the fuse, and that explosion would come.

Barbara did not meet him as usual. He wondered a little, making his way quickly down to their hut. Supper was ready, but she was not there. He looked into the sleeping hut, but that also was empty. Anxiously he turned his steps toward Roowa's abode. Meama sat outside, suckling a new addition to her family, crooning softly over the little dark form.

She waved an arm toward the east. "The great chief's wife went up to the heights long, long ago! Meama still watching for her," she said.

He strode off up the slope, and the native woman continued her crooning song.

Barbara was seated upon the rocks where, nearly a year before, the dawn had witnessed their simple marriage ceremony. Her elbows were propped on her knees, her chin was sunk in her hands.

Alan approached noiselessly, but she became instinctively aware of his presence. He noticed a strange expression in her eyes as she turned to greet him; a far-seeing wonder blended with a tenderness which seemed reflected in the smiling, tremulous

lines of her mouth.

She silently stretched out her hands, and he took them in his, mystified.

"I wondered what had become of you—" he began.

"I felt I must come here. This always seems a kind of sacred temple, our own."

Oh, Alan!

She gazed into his face half-smiling, yet with a suspicion of tears dimming the soft light in her eyes.

"What, dear?" he asked, more puzzled.

She made no reply; but the glory in her face seemed to deepen, radiating toward him.

Looking his hands, her arms crept up to his shoulders, round his neck, drawing his head down to her own.

A sudden, vague realization of some stupendous happening caused him to draw her close. "What is it, Barbara?" he murmured. "What are you trying to tell me?"

She tilted her head back a little, and saw the dawning comprehension in his face. A faint smile flickered again across her own.

"Can't you guess—my husband?"

Instantly he was conscious of the same infantile tenderness in her regard which he had just seen in the eyes of the woman suckling her child. The same mysterious essence of motherhood seemed to emanate from both. With a muttered cry, his lips sought hers; he caught her close, pressing her to his heart as if dreading all the forces of nature, all the venom of savage humanity, to take her from him; now.

Suddenly, impulsively, she looked up into his eyes.

"Shall you love—IT?" she whispered.

A reflection of her own tenderness shined in the smile which answered her. The glory of the sinking sun illuminated his face.

"Shall I?" he breathed. "My dearest—what a question!"

VI

Hand in hand they descended the hill, full of this fresh wonder. After supper they sat on the shore in the moonlight, talking in low tones of the future, making wonderful plans.

Both possessed that curious sensitiveness to nature which compels one, in any crisis, to make for open spaces, limitless horizons of ocean. It was after midnight when at last they went to bed. The night breeze had died down, and a peculiar sense of stillness pervaded the island; the water became calm to stillness.

Barbara was restless, and lay long awake. The strange stillness with its sensation of false calm, heralding an approaching tempest, revived her premonitions of disaster. When at last she fell asleep, it was only to be tortured with the same premonitions magnified into nightmare realities. She awoke gasping and sobbing in Alan's arms, and clung to him feverishly.

"I dreamed you had disappeared," she cried, in bewildered explanation.

"How could that happen?" He soothed her. "How could my bulk disappear? Don't talk nonsense!"

They breakfasted later than usual, and had barely finished when the noise of many agitated voices reached their ears.

Glancing apprehensively at each other, they hurried out of the hut.

The sky was laden, hues of angry orange suffusing the horizon, the air oppressive. From the direction of the palm grove streamed a hurrying, chattering crowd of black figures—men, women and children.

Croft's brow contracted, and his lips set. The mine had evidently exploded even sooner than he expected.

Seeing him, a walling cry arose from the advancing crowd. Weary and ter-

rified, they stumbled forward to the palisade, where the women fell upon the ground, moaning, weeping, wailing wild arms, sometimes adding their voices to the unintelligible babble of the men. To comprehend their meaning was at present impossible.

Presently their talk grew more coherent: he was able to make out its drift.

"We will serve thee, O Great White Chief!"

Then art merciful! Thou art wise beyond the wisdom of our men!

We will work for thee, O Chief! Thou carest not to torture and kill.

A-a-a! A-a-a! Thou hast done much for our tribe. Under thee it will become strong, if thou wilt be our chief. The fruits

of the earth will grow, the fish leap up from the water! . . . We love thee, O Mighty Friend of the Gods! We will serve thee!

Thus, and much more with a similar burden, did they babble in their eagerness. Commanding silence, he bade one of them explain the cause of this visitation.

Babooma, it transpired, soon after Croft's departure the previous evening, had worked himself into a passion. Expressing contempt for the white man and his gods, he raised the taboo. Encouraged by his own adherents, he then declared war upon the white chief with instant death to all who thwarted his designs. This set the fuse alight. An outburst of murmuring disloyalty to Babooma warred with the usual superstitious fear of him as their god-ordained chief; while their genuine affection for Croft flared up to white heat. To prove his words, maddened by opposition, Babooma seized and strangled one of the men who dared openly to rebel.

This was too much for the peaceful faction. Secretly and swiftly, they conspired together, under cover of night. While the rest of the tribe slept, they stole out—some eighty-odd, including women and children—and sped through the woods to the north.

This drastic move meant a tremendous decision, bound around as they were with age-old superstitions. It was a forlorn, terror-stricken little band which Croft presently addressed. He spoke kindly, trying to allay their fear, feeling a certain relief that the anticipated trouble had occurred so soon. Most of the men, he noticed, were fully armed; therefore it should not be impossible to overthrow Babooma and, once for all, quell the savage element.

"Whether I can be your chief or not is in the hands of my gods," he concluded, with prudent piety; "but rest assured of my protection. Your women and children are fired from the long walk through the forest. Let them come inside our garden for safety and food."

He opened the entrance in the palisade. Awestruck into silence, they filed through, their minds full of the "little blue devils," experienced here by their menfolk. Might these not spring up and burn them even now at the great white chief's command?

They squatted in one close group, hungry and grateful for all they received, following Barbara's movements with adoring, wondering eyes, as she distributed food. Their faith in Croft equaled their faith in their god, Baboonka; once within the palisade, their fears of Babooma sank. Then men, resting outside, kept a sharp watch for any daylight attack. Roowa was sent to feed them. Alan went indoors to attend to his store of native weapons.

Presently the excited visitors in the garden, tired and satisfied, fell asleep.

Croft deemed it expedient to wait for Babooma to attack. To attempt a return with these tired men risked meeting the enemy in the interstices of the forest, where open fighting would be impossible. Given at last the excuse, he determined to take no avoidable chances in attempting the extermination of the growing menace to the prosperity of the tribe. He therefore inspected their weapons, arming those who had forgotten sword, spear or arrow; afterward, with Roowa as adjutant, he posted part of his little army round the tent, and issued directions. A few men were sent in search of fresh fruits along the north of the forest. Alan busying himself with the remainder in strengthening the hut and palisade. With the revolver, loaded with its one remaining bullet, in her belt, Barbara found her time fully occupied with the problem of preparing sufficient food for these uninvited guests. Suddenly she started from her peaceful employment, and her cheeks blanched. A shrill cry of fear had sounded beyond the garden. . . . Another arose, yet another. . . . She hurried out of the hut, meeting Alan running from the landward end of the palisade, where he had been working. Outside the seaward entrance, a group of natives clustered together, chattering excitedly, staring at some far point in the sky. At sight of Croft, their agitation increased.

"A-a-a! a-a-a! Great Chief, behold!" they cried, pointing upward. "See! A great bird approacheth. Hearken to the sound of his wings, the cry of his wrath! A-a-a! A bird of ill omen, O Mighty Chief!" They began to wail and moan, striking their breasts. Others joined them, taking up the cry: "A bird of ill omen! A-a-a! a-a-a! A bird of ill omen, O Mighty Chief!" He shaded his eyes with his hands, searching the dazzling blue.

Suddenly his arms fell to his sides; and he turned to the girl.

"By G—d! It's an airplane! Coming this way, too!"

He called to Roowa. "Go, Roowa! run! Take fire to the beacon upon the hill! Make it to blaze fast and high! Go—swift as the lightning flash!"

Far off, the noise of her engines but faintly audible, the unmistakable outline of an airplane showed at a great height, flying toward the island from the north.

The natives, forgetting all instructions, clustered together, full of superstitious terror. The women and children left the garden and huddled near their men, a few moaning, the rest silent from fear of this new unknown.

Alan's fingers gripped Barbara's arm, and they ran down to the shore. With faces pale and tense, they stood there motionless, their hearts racing chaotically, their eyes fixed upon the speck growing ever larger, looming nearer and nearer. . . . The distant drone of the engines became loud-

er. . . . From the hilltop a column of smoke rose into the clear air; soon a leaping flame mingled with it. . . . another shot up higher. . . . As the machine whirled, loudly and swiftly, to within a few hundred yards, still flying high, the pile of sticks and leafy branches and undergrowth—quickly dried in the afternoon sun—burned, and roared, and leaped, the red tongues of fire and billowing smoke showing clear against the blue of sea and sky.

"Will they see it?" muttered Alan. He waved wildly; but the airplane flew serenely on, skirting the island, toward the west.

"D—n them!" he ejaculated. "They must see that fire!"

Barbara held her breath, every nerve taut. But as the strain seemed to reach breaking point, the machine slackened speed. With sudden cessation of noise, her engines were shut off, and she came swiftly down in large circles, still low over the water, then she turned and flew slowly back outside the "barrier" reef. Turning again, she rose a little, flying up toward the beacon—then round again, and back to the reef.

Alan could recognize her now for a seaplane. Spring two figures upon her, once more he waved, shouting cheerfully. With a graceful swoop down, again she turned, sinking lower and lower; until at last she rested upon the calm waters of the lagoon, and came skimming, lightly toward the shore.

A silence of horror had fallen upon the natives. Some dropped on their knees or flung themselves on their faces, not daring to look seaward; others stood still as death, their glittering eyes never wavering from the figure of their white chief, their hands grasping their weapons, ready at a word to dash forward, with their blood-curdling yells to his aid.

Then one or two rubbed their eyes, as if unable to see aright. The white chief was wailing out, unlearned into the rippling wavelets, to meet the awful bird of ill omen.

They looked fearfully at one another, then held their breath. He had returned to land. . . . Two queer figures—enveloped in much clothing, with frowning, goggle eyes protruding from their heads, were descending from between the vast wings. The white chief, and his wife, were talking, laughing, wringing their hands again and again. . . . But the huge eyes fell from those faces.

The natives lifted up their voices in a howl of fear.

Down by the water, a babel of English and French voices, torrents of questions pouring forth in both languages, the replies unheeded in the mutual relief, surprise and excitement! The two Frenchmen, mixed both tongues indiscriminately, shaking the Englishman's hands again and again, kissing those of the girl in their demonstrative exuberance.

They had, it transpired, been swept from their bearings in a thunder storm, having accepted a bet to fly from America to Honolulu, thence to Australia, in their small seaplane. While endeavoring to recapture their route between the two latter places, faced with engine trouble, they had perceived the beacon flaring below.

They introduced themselves. Philippe and Louis de Boreau, thirsting for adventure to enliven the monotony of post-war existence.

Advancing a few steps Croft addressed the bewildered natives in words whose utter unintelligibility caused the two strangers to gaze at him, then at the girl, an uneasy suspicion rising in their minds that the Englishman's brain had softened. However, a relief was obvious among the group of blacks, and a murmur of voices broke forth.

Croft returned, and further explanations were given. Bit by bit the excited Frenchmen grasped the main facts of this extraordinary situation.

"Votre nom?" cried the elder. "En route to l'Australie, you tell us? But I remember—dites-moi—quick—your name, Monsieur?"

Upon hearing it, the little Frenchman danced.

"C'est! I remember!" cried Louis. "All de world was interested! It was thought you all perished. But you and—"

He paused. He glanced at Barbara, at the hand which, instinctively, she had clasped round Alan's arm.

And in that pause, something cold and clammy seemed to clutch the girl's heart, causing her to grip closer the arm she held.

Alan put his hand over hers. "My wife," he said very clearly. "Something seemed to contract in Barbara's throat, rendering speech impossible."

The world had thrown a shadow across the perfect blue.

Proud of their home, they led their guests thither for food, when the seaplane had been safely beached. There during the meal, they explained the native trouble. The idea of fighting anything or anybody thrilled both these adventurous young men.

"Vat guns have you?" they asked, "vat ammunition?"

When informed of the lack of firearms, and shown the bows, arrows, spears and crossed wooden swords, they set and gaped. The weapons, no less than the hut, with its many ingenious devices for use and comfort, aroused their keenest interest.

"Eh! But it is a little paradise!" cried Philippe. "Vat you call 'cosay' all ze chairs? And a table! And ze flowers!"

He turned to Barbara, when Alan went out to restore order among the natives. "You have turned ze wilderness into home, Madame! It is dat you vill not like to leave it! Ouh!"

She looked around the familiar room she loved so well, out through the

doorway to the black figures in the garden, which had been such a pride—and again she felt her heart contract.

The shadowy outside world had once more become a tangible reality.

VII

The engine trouble proved more serious than the Frenchmen had anticipated. Any idea of a dash to civilization for succor was abandoned. "Until the sun had set and the moon risen, the three men worked upon it, Croft with the delight of a child over the return of some long-lost toy. When a short trial trip was made, he took the pilot's seat.

Another sharp spasm of pain shot through Barbara's heart, as she looked round upon the faces she knew so well. Such as rescue would mean to them both, the thought of renouncing their free life here filled her with grief. The prospect of bowing again to all the little rules making a maze of civilization chilled her. The analogy presented itself to her mind of being slowly caught up into some huge net spreading over the universe, beyond which lay this little wilderness where she had dwelt and learned to love.

Croft's instinct was to send her away to immediate safety; but that proved impossible. He conferred lengthily with the two brothers, under cover of their work together. Afterward, leaving Louis to finish, he and Philippe went indoors to pore over charts, discuss routes and conclude arrangements. When, later, the two aviators, dead tired after their adventures, were rolled in their huge coats upon the floor, he drew Barbara into their bedroom and unfolded the plans.

Should Babooma attack in the night, the Frenchmen, however zealous, would obviously fail to distinguish friends from foe. Their responsibility, therefore, would be the safeguarding of the women and children in the hut—Barbara's welfare being their special consideration.

"Should things go badly, and Babooma manage to do me in," he continued hurriedly, "trust yourself entirely to them; they know what to do and where to go. If, after all, he doesn't attack, but waits for us to move, Philippe, de Boreau, will take you away at daybreak and send help. His brother will stay with me."

She demurred hotly to this, unwilling to leave him in danger, protesting against being compelled to desert her post among the frightened women. The argument, waged long and heated between them, but, when Croft's mind was finally and irrevocably made up, anger and tears proved unavailing. Only by reminding her of the debt owed to another, by prevailing upon all her rising motherhood, did he at last break down her resistance.

"But my mental agonies will be worse than physical ones!" she assured him, rebelliously. "I hope Babooma attacks tonight. Then we can face him together, and know the result."

The two Frenchmen being utterly worn out, he forbore to suggest their going at once by moonlight, over which forced delay she secretly exulted.

The stillness around was intense. Now and then it was broken by the cry of a child, quickly hushed again. Within the palisade, the black forms of the men lay close to the ground, with here and there a pair of eyes watching, sentinels, between the stakes. With the two Frenchmen to protect the girl from treachery, Croft felt pretty confident over the result of any night attack. Well aware of the black chief's desires for her, he had warned De Boreau of this danger.

"If things go against us and you see me bowed over, don't wait—don't risk a moment—go!" he had insisted, "even if it means physical force!"

And De Boreau, like many another, found himself following this man's behests, with a zeal and fealty inspired solely by personality. He swore obedience to the last letter.

Laying his cheek against hers, Alan became aware, in the moonlit darkness, of the tears upon it.

"Not crying?" he whispered. She buried her face in his shoulder, saying nothing.

"It has been very beautiful," he murmured, stroking her hair.

Then they began to plan their future—picturing the journey together to England, the greetings, the meetings with those who thought them dead.

And ever the man's keen eyes watched the shadowy scene without, his ears alert to every sound, as they had been on that other night long ago.

Presently, as before, he leaned quickly forward. For again the faint sound of breaking twigs had reached him.

Again, near the outskirts of the palm grove, he had caught sight of a shadowy form.

Barbara rose with him, aware without words that the moment of desperate action was upon them; glad of it, since now she could face the danger with her man.

"I must go," he murmured. For a moment she clung to him. "Take care!" she whispered passionately. "Oh, my dearest, do take care!"

Gently he disengaged himself, and kissed her.

"I shall be all right. Go to the women, Barbara, and keep them indoors." He hurried to the entrance; then turned back again. "Don't forget, if—"

Trust yourself to De Boreau if—"

Not finishing the sentence she dreaded to hear, he once more turned to go.

A tiny choked exclamation escaped her lips. He looked quickly round. Swiftly, with a sudden passionate movement, he seized her in his arms, straining her fiercely to him; then, as swiftly, he released her, and she found

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A Wailing Cry Arose.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

Continued from Page 2
herself alone.

The battle waged long and furious. For a time the men hidden on the hillside, after surprising the little army wriggling down the bay, kept it fiercely engaged, away from the hut. But gradually, to the girl's strained ears, the wild struggle seemed to draw nearer. Presently, as she could tell by the excited yells close by, those men guarding the hut itself were attacked.

The fighting blood of the Frenchmen tingled within them; they fingered their extraordinary, clumsy weapons, impatient to hurl themselves out into the fray—of instinctively submitting to their orders, realizing the wisdom of the leader who had appointed each man his task with supreme insight into detail.

Soon the uproar raged round the pallade. Every now and then, a crashing, ripping sound was heard, proving portions to have been burst through and trampled down. The scuffling feet, snorting breath, muttered cries, blood-curdling shouts and yells, were close.

Penetrating the bamboo walls came venomous spear-points and sharp arrow-heads, sometimes piercing the shoulders of those standing near.

The women grew demented. Barbara tried, unsuccessfully, to keep as many as possible in the central hut, where only the two end-walls were exposed to the weapons; these points the Frenchmen guarded, ready for any onslaught.

Simultaneously, with dramatic suddenness, three things happened to end the terrible period of waiting.

With a startling crash, the outer wall of the sleeping hut gave way, and in surged a fighting medley of black figures. . . . From the other side, or kitchen, a cloud of smoke and crackling flame arose. . . . The hut was on fire!

All power of restraining the women was past. As the Frenchmen dashed forward to meet the intruders on one side, and the black smoke belled in from the other, they turned with one accord, struggled madly in their stampede for the main entrance, then streamed out—wild with terror—into the cold gray of the early dawn. . . . At the same time, from without, amid the general hubbub, one loud wailing cry arose, in a mixture of Na-



A Cloud of Smoke and Crackling Flame Arose.

tive, and broken English tongues—a frightened, agonized cry: "The white chief! A-a-a! The white chief! A-a-a! The white chief! A-a-a! A-a-a!"

It reached the white-faced girl within, and of that alone was she conscious. The roaring flames and blinding smoke, the struggling black men and shouting stream of women, faded from her eyes. Her work was finished here, and she never hesitated. Without a backward glance, she drew the revolver from her belt and dashed outside.

As she ran, gasping up the slope, she paid no heed to her own danger—she was unaware of both black and white men from the hut following in hot pursuit. . . . Again the dense medley parted before her eyes. At the same instant a spear sped through the air. Whizzing angrily past her, straight at two struggling forms.

It flew with unerring judgment and buried its hideous point in the white man's back. He reeled, loosed his antagonist, threw groping arms wide. With a demoniacal cry of triumph, Babooma made a spring.

As twice before, a sharp report reverberated, and the seething mass was momentarily obscured by smoke.

A pair of black hands grasped the girl's arms as she tottered backward, dropping her smoking weapon. For a brief instant she recognized Roowa's face, which seemed to merge into that of De Boreau; then her senses slipped from her, and everything faded into oblivion.

Not knowing friend from foe, the struggle for her unconscious body was sharp and furious. But the two Frenchmen were fresh and uninjured; and Roowa's supporters had rushed out.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

in wild distress, to that other seething heap. . . . Just one glimpse of two prostrate forms being hoisted, would a frenzy of fighting, walls and shouts—and the two white men devoted themselves to their oath.

On trembling knees at last, bleeding, helpless, his cries drowned by the noise around and the roaring flames from the hut, Roowa watched the strangers seize the inert form of his white chief's wife, and disappear toward the coast.

The thick, fighting mass had dissolved into odd straggling groups of two and three; the prostrate forms had disappeared. Away near the palm grove could be seen a quickly vanishing crowd of dark figures. . . . The flames belched forth from the burning hut, overcoming the early daylight.

Presently the steady monotonous drone of retreating engines, blended with the rising wind of the dawn.

PART FOUR

Broken Harmony

Miss Davies, Mrs. Stockley's only remaining sister, placed a marker in her book; then laid it down upon a small table. Her face assumed the complacent expression of one about to perform a pleasant duty in accordance with her conscience.

"I think," she observed decisively, "Hugh should be warned."

Mrs. Stockley glanced up from the stole she was embroidering. "About what?" she asked.

"Barbara."

Her sister made a gesture of annoyance, which caused her to prick her finger; this increased her irritation.

"I wish you would for once be explicit, Mary! You have thrown out dark hints about Barbara ever since we heard of her regime. Why should Hugh be warned?"

"Are you so stupidly dense as you appear, Alice? Or are you wilfully blinding yourself?"

"I am no more stupid than the rest of my family, I hope!" snapped Mrs. Stockley, with much meaning.

"Well, then," continued her sister, ignoring this improbability, "you must realize that Barbara will most likely return—very changed. Indeed, from her one letter there seems no doubt about it. That was queer—very queer!"

Mrs. Stockley impatiently hunted among bundles of colored silks. "Of course she will be changed. She is two years older and has suffered ghastly experiences. She was very ill at Singapore; you couldn't expect long chatty letters!"

She spoke with unusual asperity. Two years of her sister's undiluted companionship had increased an inherent instinct toward contradiction, while developing a self-defensive alertness. Both were necessary in the radius of two sharp eyes ever quizzing through their lorgnette, two ears which seemingly reached all over the house, and a caustic tongue ready to reduce other people's follies or few ideas to shreds. Such gifts used at the expense of common acquaintances are a different matter, of course.

"Ah!" Miss Davies returned to the promptings of conscience with renewed relish. "You are as blind as Hugh, Alice. I saw him this afternoon, quite excited over meeting her tomorrow. He wants to have the wedding after Christmas. . . . of course it was not my business to say anything!"

Whether this self-discipline could have been maintained had not other people been present, is open to question.

"You don't understand Bab as well as Hugh and I do, you see," returned her sister complacently.

"No," she agreed, "but I understand Man!" Her lips closed with a snap, to give effect to the world of meaning in her words. "Don't you realize, Alice, that Barbara was attractive? And she has been flung, unchaperoned, for two years, into the society of a man who—well—had extremely loose ideas, and Bohemian ways—a man whose influence would be most questionable for any young girl."

Mrs. Stockley flushed. "Are you insinuating that Bab would be weak enough to allow him to influence her? After her careful upbringing, too? Why—looseness of any sort would be abhorrent to her! Her surroundings have always been strictly moral!"

"I don't insinuate anything; but I wouldn't trust that man far, in such circumstances! We have yet to learn how he behaved."

"She did not allude to him in her letter."

"No. But—she did her utmost to get taken back to search for his body! Surely her chief desire should have been to hurry home to Hugh?"

Mrs. Stockley smiled impatiently. "You are making mountains from molehills, Mary! She did that purely from humanitarian motives; it was only right and natural. Hugh thought so. He liked Captain Croft."

"Hugh is too trusting; that's why I am sorry for him. Frankly, Alice, I do not believe a man and woman could live in such isolation without coming to grief. I have seen too much of human nature."

"My dear Mary! what do you mean? You don't—"

Her sister held up a dignified hand to stop all interruption. "You must face it, Alice! Everybody is talking and wondering. Of course, it depends entirely upon the man. I don't imply that all men are beasts—as some women would who had seen as much of the world as I have. If he had a strong spiritual nature—a clergyman, or-

haps. But that man!" She pursed her lips.

Mrs. Stockley gazed at her, her own face paling, her finger twitching the forgotten stole.

"Coming to grief!" she repeated, horrified. "Do you dare suggest my daughter would so disgrace her name and family as to allow—My dear Mary! It is preposterous! I would disown such a child. But, Barbara! Why, I would trust her alone with any man, for forty years! She wouldn't dream of such things. Besides, Captain Croft was Mrs. Field's cousin, of good family himself."

Martha, the old servant, hoisted in at this moment with bedroom candles. She plumped them down upon the table, and her old face beamed at an excuse for gallantly over Barbara's return. When, snubbed, she departed, Mrs. Stockley faced her sister, candle in hand, with an air of outraged dignity.

"Mary," she said, "your conversation tonight has shocked me inexplicably! I insist on your never breathing a word of your suspicions—either to Hugh or Barbara. If she has any painful memories—she will know in me. Of course, I did not know Captain Croft well, nor like him; but—poor child! Her sufferings may have been worse than I ever imagined. Good night!"

With unusual decision she opened the drawing room door, and went to bed. But she lay long awake thinking over her sister's remarks. One alone stood out clearly, gathering force with every minute: "Everybody is talking and wondering."

Everybody eagerly devoured all scraps of news; but the supply was scanty. After being brought to Singapore, the heroine remained there, ill, unable to be moved for a time.

A certain reticence surrounded this illness, prostration being given as the natural cause. No trace of a white man's body was found by the expedition sent, post-haste, to search the island. Only the charred remains of a hut, and a few dead natives, were discovered in the north. In the south, a small tribe of furious, armed savages offered a wildly hostile reception, making approach difficult, refusing any information other than a poisoned arrow.

Barboonia had presumably recovered, and wreaked his vengeance upon the body of his late antagonist.

When well enough, the girl had implored, frantically, as one distraught, for facilities to return, herself, to search. This awakened a new interest, adding pliancy to the situation. But such quixotic madness could not be indulged by level-headed authorities. What could a girl accomplish where hosts of men had failed? No! The island had been thoroughly explored. The hostile faction of the natives was in possession; her return would be mere suicide, or worse. She was sent to England as soon as practicable.

But the De Boreau brothers, ever thirsting for adventure, understanding perhaps more of her sufferings and the true facts than they chose to publish, carried out to the end their oath to Croft. Only on the boat did they bid her farewell—then they returned to their charts and their seaplane. Nothing save death, so they vowed to her, in their exuberant French fashion, should deter them from learning final news of the man whose personality had won their generous admiration.

The key to more intimate, romantic drama was not forthcoming. Speculation flourished. What would be likely to happen in such circumstances? Would propinquity bring love in its train? And, if so—This entailed endless discussion, heated arguments. What would be right, and what wrong? Which would need most courage; to resist or—There were women who thought the reverse.

The fact of the girl being already engaged shed a further glamor of the dramatic over the adventure, making the uncertainty all the greater. Perhaps no problem had arisen after all. . . . But if it had? Did the two themselves have clear convictions on either side; and, above all, courage to be true to them?

This was the vital point all longed to know. The pair became fixated with romance. . . . Women laid their heads together and wondered.

Dark surmises were murmured concerning that illness at Singapore. Sentimental girls forgot their matinee or cinema idols and cut Croft's photograph out of newspapers, half-wishing they themselves had been wrecked with him.

Meanwhile, through the darkness of winter nights and drabness of monotonous days, the ship plowed her way to England which bore one from the closed gates of an "earthly paradise," with agonized eyes still dazzled by the lights she had left there; to trim the little lamps of her Darbury home.

(To be continued)

"Chinook Wind"

This is a name given to a strong, warm wind and dry south or west wind descending the eastern slopes of the Rocky mountains into Montana and Wyoming, evaporating or melting the snow and bringing great relief in cold weather. The name was probably given it because it blew from the territory occupied by the Chinook Indians.

Observant Johnny

"Now, boys," said the school-teacher, "the word novelette means 'a short tale.' You may now write a sentence containing the word." A few minutes later he picked up Johnny Brown's effort, and read aloud: "Yesterday I saw a foxterrier running down our street with a tin can tied to his nose."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Twain's Description of
Missouri River Water

In one of his return trips to the state of his boyhood, Mark Twain wrote a friend he had found one thing that had not changed—the up-to-date complexion of Missouri river water—and probably a score of centuries would not change it. "It comes out of the turbulent, bank-caving river," he explained, "and every thimbleful of it holds an acre of land in solution. I got this fact from the bishop of the diocese. If you will let your glass stand half an hour you can separate the land from the water as easy as Genesis, and then you will find them both good—the one to eat, the other to drink. The land is very nourishing, the water is thoroughly wholesome. The one appeases hunger, the other, thirst. But the natives do not take them separately, but together, as nature mixed them. When they find an inch of mud in the bottom of the glass, they stir it up and take a draft as they would gruel. It is difficult for the stranger to get used to this batter, but once used he will prefer it to water."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Opal Diggers Work Hard
for Small Remuneration

Of all the rough "outback" jobs in Australia, digging for opal is about the worst. Coober Pedy lies in the heart of the Stewart range, 170 miles from the nearest station on the East-West railway, and its whole population of between 70 and 80 diggers lives underground in burrows scratched out of the hillside. A tin shanty, in which the diggers keep their tools, is the only sign of life showing above ground.

Every morning the diggers come out of their holes and set out for the opal fields, to cut patiently through the rock in the hope of finding the beautiful black diamonds lying beneath. Between them they have dug many thousands of dollars' worth of opal in the last four years, though they have worked only a small area of a field said to be 40 miles long. In normal times opal is sold about \$16 an ounce, but now that there is practically no demand for the gems the diggers have opal, but no money.

Patching Concrete

When repairing damaged or cracked concrete work, keep this place to be patched thoroughly wet for several hours before working on it, and roughen it with a hammer or chisel if it is smooth. Also be sure that you use the same proportions of sand, gravel and cement as in the original mixture, so that the new work will expand and contract the same as the old concrete. Otherwise the patch will crack.—Popular Science Monthly.

Preparedness

Reggie—Phyllis said that she was going to let me give her swimming lessons. We start with them tomorrow.

Archie—You lucky dog. But where are you going in such a hurry to-night?

Reggie—Be prepared is my motto. I'm going to learn to swim.

Why Grade Crossings Last

On first-class railroads alone there are in the United States 256,363 grade crossings. To eliminate these would cost on the average of \$75,000 each, or a round total of \$19,000,000,000, a sum on which the annual interest charges would be almost \$1,000,000,000.

Gets Revenge

Madame Amed Abdullah thought all the women in Constantinople were in love with her son. So she consulted a fortune teller, who gave her a concoction of garlic, water, mud and boiled shoes to throw upon all the beautiful women in the city. Madame Abdullah was arrested after hurling the magic mixture at one attractive woman near her son's home.

Lead Roofs Need Attention

The leaden roofs of some of England's old churches, a heritage from medieval times, occasionally have to be melted down, rolled over and then replaced. The lead itself is indestructible, but it has been found that at the end of every 200 years the metal should be recast to give the best results as a roofing material.

Graft Vegetables

Experiments in the grafting of vegetables and flowers by French botanists have resulted in the creation of new species, have prolonged the lives of many plants, and have intensified the perfume of many flowers. Potatoes that grow on branches above the ground are among the results of the experiments.

Humanity's Debt to America

In 1830, according to the Department of Agriculture, three hours of human labor were required to produce a bushel of wheat, and now it takes ten minutes. Farm invention, largely American, is one of the greatest contributions to human ease and well-being in the last century.

Disputed Honor

Some authorities give credit to the U. S. S. Vincennes, a sailing frigate, as the first circumnavigator of the globe, making the trip in 1829-1830. Other authorities credit the United States frigate Potomac, which made a continuous cruise around the world from 1831-1834.

Sunday Thought

Pleasure that comes unlooked for is thrice welcome; and, if it stir the heart, if aught be there, that may hereafter in a thoughtful hour wake but a sigh, 'tis treasured up among the things most precious, and the day it came is noted as a white day in our lives.—Rogers.

Saving Electric Fixtures

If your electric fixtures are spotted and discolored, a coat of flat black paint will make them look like the latest thing in wrought iron, says Popular Science Monthly. Shades then can be constructed easily from sheet iron and parchment.

Spoken Word Best

Those who speak in public are better heard when they discourse by a lively genius and ready memory than when they read all they would communicate to their hearers.—Exchange.

Many Sought Growsome Post

On the last occasion that a vacancy occurred in the position of public executioner in England the home secretary received no fewer than 788 applications for the post.

Temperance Exemplified

It is as much a part of true temperance to be pleased with the little that we know and the little that we can do with the little that we have.—Raskin.

Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 50 per cent. less than our regular prices. Some we do in order to make room for our Spring and Fall styles, which we will receive about Feb. 1. We guarantee to make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

Almost Evaded the Series

Mrs. Smith wanted to go to the movies. Mr. Smith said he had put in a hard day at the office and was tired and would rather sit at home and smoke. Knowing the Smiths, anyone could have predicted that they would go to the movies!

"Let's sit down near the front," said Mrs. Smith.

"But I don't like to sit near the front," Mr. Smith protested. "When I do that the pictures hurt my eyes."

"Nonsense!" scoffed Mrs. Smith. "I like to be down close so I can watch the musicians."

Soon the two were seated within comfortable seeing distance of the orchestra.

"Oh, don't you just love to hear the rumble of the kettledrums?" Mrs. Smith gushed.

And then the warm turned, albeit ever so slightly.

"Yes," Mr. Smith replied. "Keep quiet!"—Kansas City Star.

Unharmed by Long Falls

Among the classic English falls may be mentioned that of a steeple-jack, who fell from the top of the church of St. George in Bolton-le-Moors to the ground, the whole distance traversed being some 120 feet. The man's skull struck some sheet lead upon the earth and left its impact upon it, but though this fall was quite unbroken the man was only slightly injured and resumed work in a few days. Not long ago a man with his shoes on fell from the top of a cliff at Dover, the height of which was afterward found to be 400 feet. He was picked up floating insensible in some five feet of water, but his shoes were off, which proves that he must have retained sufficient consciousness on reaching the water to enable him to draw his shoes from his feet.

New Palindrome Found

New palindromes are rare, but a western newspaper writer has revealed several especially good ones. A palindrome is merely a phrase that spells backward and forward. A classic example of the palindrome is the speech put into the mouth of Napoleon: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Among the new ones sent was the following purporting to be a sign which a store manager placed over a rat-catching preparation composed of Dutch cheese and tar: "Rat trip made a rat Elam, part tar." Years ago when "red root" was popular as a cure-all, a druggist's sign ran: "Red root put up to order."

Doubt Anecdote of Drake

One of the features of the great historical pageant of Devon, produced at Torquay, was the use, in one scene, of the identical set of bowls with which Drake was playing when the Armada came in sight. These bowls are among the treasures of Torquay museum, says London Answers.

There are people, however, who doubt their authenticity or rather the truth of the famous anecdote of Drake and his celebrated game on Plymouth Hoe. There is no contemporary account of the incident, which was described for the first time in Britain in an eighteenth century book. It is mentioned, however, in a Spanish political pamphlet published in 1624.

Why Girdling Kills Trees

A girdled tree dies because the inner bark and living sapwood are severed. Vital connection is thus cut off between the roots, which take up water and raw food material, and the leaves which transform water and raw material into plant food.

Why Castor Bean Is Unsafe

It is unsafe to have castor beans where there are children about; two seeds contain enough ricin, the poisonous principle of castor beans and the deadliest compound in the world, to kill a child.

World's Oldest Umbrella

The oldest umbrella in the world still in the same condition as when it was bought, including the cover, is in the possession of a resident of Hobart in Tasmania. The umbrella was bought in 1770 by a man named William Clevett in the county of Dorset, England, who emigrated to Tasmania. It has been handed down from generation to generation and still belongs to a descendant of the first owner.

California's Boast

Sixty per cent of the flower-seed crop of the entire world is raised in California; more than a hundred tons of nasturtium seed alone are grown every year. If all the sweet pea seeds raised there were distributed to every man, woman and child in the country, each one would have a fifteen-foot row in the garden, and there would still be several hundred tons for export purposes.

HERBERT J. BROWN

He Predicts Weather
a Year Ahead of Time

Herbert J. Brown, ocean meteorologist in Washington, who predicts weather for a year or more ahead from changes in the sun's heat recorded in what is known as the solar constant. In determining the weather for 1925 he is using the records from 1921 to 1923.

TRIAL OF FORBES
OPENS AT CHICAGO

Government Agent Tells of Hospital Deals Made at Atlantic City—Relates Private Loan.

Chicago.—The alleged agreement by which Col. Charles R. Forbes was to receive part of the profits of contractors in construction of veterans' hospitals, while Forbes was director of the Veterans' Bureau in 1922, was related on the witness stand by Elias H. Mortimer, in the trial of Forbes for defrauding the Government.

Mortimer said that at an outing at the Traymore Hotel, at Atlantic City, he told Forbes he would divide with him his percentage of the profits he was to receive on contracts obtained by Thompson & Black, St. Louis and Chicago contractors.

J. W. Thompson, on trial with Forbes, had agreed to give Mortimer 25 per cent of net profits on hospital contracts he obtained and of this Mortimer said Forbes was to get half.

The list of hospital sites given Mortimer by Forbes, which Mortimer said he showed to Thompson & Black, was taken from Mortimer, he testified, by Colonel Forbes and Mrs. Mortimer. He explained this to account for failure to produce it in Court along with other telegrams and letters introduced by the Government to show Mortimer's business relations with Thompson & Black.

After an inspection trip to three of the hospital sites by Mortimer and the two contractors, Thompson and James W. Black, Mortimer said that Forbes asked him to borrow some money—\$5,000—because Forbes' wife had gone to Europe and taken all his funds.

Mortimer testified his agreement with Thompson and James W. Black, Thompson's deceased partner, was for 35 per cent of the net profits the contractors made on veterans' hospital contracts he helped them obtain.

WORLD NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

LEXINGTON.—University of Kentucky adopts course in cross-word puzzles.

CHICAGO.—Rail brotherhoods to ignore Labor Board decision on West-end roads despite increase.

LONDON.—Safety of the frontier of India, involved in Rajah's black-mailing, is reason court shielded his identity.

BERLIN.—It is announced that the American, Cunard and White Star lines have agreed to establish a combined regular passenger steamship service between Hamburg and New York.

PARIS.—Cardinal Dubois warns France of imminent Red revolt.

LONDON.—A jury exonerates Robtson and wife in \$750,000 blackmail plot against an Indian Prince.

LONDON.—Moscow replied to the British notes and expressed regret over the Baldwin government's decision not to accept.

GENEVA.—There was almost a row at the narcotic conference, and Rep. Stephen G. Porter, of the American delegation, was accused of misrepresentation, when India's delegates objected to the American program to limit opium.

PALMYRA, N. J.—Rhoda G. Pablon, 41, dived, fell from a porch of her home into barrel and drowned.

BUDAPEST.—Stephen Horvath, son of Admiral Horvath, Hungarian regent, a student in the Polytechnic school, has been sentenced to four days for duelling. His adversary got two days.

BALTIMORE.—Thomas Carlton, prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary, told the warden he could escape when ever he wanted to. The warden told him to try it. Carlton left the prison under a motor truck, and called up a half hour later, saying he would return soon.

RADIO FLASHES
PHOTOS OVER SEA

Power Sent on a 14,000-Meter Wave Reproduces Dozens of Pictures in 3,000-Mile Test.

TIME WILL BE SHORTENED

Radio Corporation Experts See Radio Revolutionized and Predict the Sending of Written Notes Across Sea

New York.—Photos transmitted by radio! This is now an accomplished fact. The Radio Corporation of America, in cooperation with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, conveyed pictures through the ether from London to New York.

Photographs of the Prince of Wales, Queen Mother Alexandra, Premier Baldwin, Ambassador Kellogg, and of many others came through in the remarkable average time of 22 minutes.

The first news picture transmitted by radio from London to New York was a photograph taken the same day of the steamship Reclamation, aground in the River Tees, in England.

The Reclamation, making her way up the Tees, grounded in a heavy gale. So forceful was the impact that the bow of the ship was lifted high in the air and the hull seriously damaged.

It took but 16 minutes to transmit the photograph of the accident.

In the laboratory of the Radio Corporation at 66 Broad street, where the apparatus received, Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, president of the American company, and other officials of that corporation expressed the opinion the demonstration had proved the commercial practicability of the process and predicted a great future for it.

The tests and demonstrations will be continued for ten days or two weeks, Gen. Harbord explained. While at present only sending apparatus is on hand in the London laboratory from which the pictures were transmitted, at Marconi House, the Strand, it is intended to forward to London a receiving apparatus which will be put into operation within thirty days.

In the opinion of officials of the Radio Corporation, the process soon thereafter will be developed commercially. The devices used appear simple, yet the method is said to be entirely different from that employed in recent transference of pictures by telephone.

In the radio method the original picture is placed upon a small revolving cylinder within which there is a powerful light. It reflects the light and shadows as fine pen points in a line which travels across the face of the cylinder much the same as the needle of a phonograph.

These points, designated as dots and dashes, are communicated to the air by the usual radio process, the heavy dots travelling with heavier sound wave and the lighter shades with correspondingly lighter wave.

At the receiving station the cylinder operates in much the same way, the dots and dashes being registered upon the print paper by a fine needle like impulse of the instrument. The transmitted picture is then photographed for reproduction.

Gen. Harbord, E. F. W. Alexander, chief consulting engineer of the Radio Corporation, and G. C. Taylor, chief engineer of the American concern, gave to Capt. Richard H. Jager, development engineer of the company, most of the credit for the invention.

While the average time for the transmission of pictures was 22 minutes, some of them took as great a period as 35 minutes, while two or more were received in less than 15 minutes. The time may vary in each case according to the size of the picture as transmitted and the working of the mechanism.

In the transmitting the photos there was but one sending operator, Donald G. Ward, engineer for the Radio Corporation, who was operating in the laboratory of the Marconi Company in London. At this end Capt. Jager himself personally supervised the receiving apparatus.

WORK SAVES \$25,128,786

Biggest Cut in Interior Department Expenses Made on Pensions.

Washington.—The Interior Department has returned to the Treasury \$25,128,786 of the department's 1924 appropriation, Secretary Work announced reporting a saving of \$25,128,786 by the Pension Bureau alone in dropping 14,217 pensioners.

The Reclamation Bureau closed the fiscal year with a balance of more than \$1,000,000, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs returned nearly half that.

200 SUDAN TROOPS MUTINY

Barricade Themselves in Building and There Resist British.

Calro.—Two companies of the Egyptian Sudanese Regiment at Khartoum mutinied and attacked the military hospital, killing one British and two Syrian physicians.

The mutiny was limited to about 200 men, among whom there were severe casualties when British troops fired upon them. The remainder of the Sudanese battalion aided the British.

BRITISH TROOPS GUARD EGYPT

Sudan Is Quiet and Cairo Preserving Order.

London.—The steady reinforcement of British troops in Egypt is continuing and the first battalion of Buffs embarked at Gibraltar, despite the fact that the government still believes it will not be necessary to employ force. Cairo advises indicate that the new government is devoting itself to the preservation of peace and that no reports of new incidents in the Sudan have reached the capital.

MRS. PARKER GILBERT

Recently Married to Agent
General of Reparations

Louise Ross Todd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Todd of Louisville, Ky., and niece of Mrs. Christian Hango, Washington society woman, was married recently to S. Parker Gilbert, agent general of reparations.

OUTWARD CALM MARKS
OPENING OF CONGRESS

More Than a Dozen Appropriation Bills Will Be Acted on by Short Session.

Washington.—With an outward calm viewed generally as only the forerunner of storms that are to come, the Sixty-eighth Congress reconvened for its final session. It must give way on next March 4 to the new Congress elected last month.

The opening was brief and perfunctory. The Senate was in session exactly twenty minutes and the House just fifty-five minutes. The only departure from the usual opening routine was the adoption by the House of a resolution for Congressional memorial services for Woodrow Wilson, on Dec. 15.

Each House then adjourned out of respect to the memories of members who have died recently after it had adopted resolutions of regret. Before that, new members had been sworn in and a joint committee had been named to advise President Coolidge that Congress was in session. This committee did later in the day.

Facing the necessity of passing more than a dozen annual appropriation bills in three months, Congress will get down to business immediately.

As fast as the appropriation measures are sent to the Senate, others will be ready for House consideration. Not all of the time will be given to them, however, as House leaders plan from time to time to call up general legislation.

The deaths of Senators Brandegee, Colt and Lodge were formally announced by Senators McLean, Gerry and Walsh, respectively, after which, on motion of Senator Walsh, adjournment was taken.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Secretary Hoover considers ways and means for making radio worth listening in on.

Republican National Committee collected more than \$4,000,000 for campaign; spent \$3,053,000.

Unprecedented efforts will be made during the next few weeks to persuade every one to "mail early for Christmas."

The State Department was advised by the Roumanian Legation that Ira Nelson Morris, former American Minister to Sweden, had been appointed Roumanian Consul at Chicago.

Postal authorities are considering establishing air mail to Europe.

Ambassador Jusserand and Secretary Mellon discuss French war debt.

Income tax publicity cases to be tried early in December.

Administration won't oppose move to revive \$6,500,000 navy appropriation to elevate guns.

President Coolidge declines to provide program for Congress.

Living cost coarcing, Commerce Chamber fear buyers' strikes.

House leaders and President decide to give precedence to appropriation bills.

Despite suggestions of a compromise bill, Senator Norris, of Nebraska, announced that he would press his bill for government operation of Muscle Shoals.

Lessons learned in tests that ended with the sinking of the dreadnaught Washington will have important bearing on development of naval aviation, according to Secretary Wilbur.

Reappropriation of the funds made available for the elevation of the guns on the older warships was urgently recommended by Admiral Eberle.

G. O. P. DUNS
FOUR SENATORS

La Follette, Brookhart, Frazier and Ladd Read Out of Party in Organized Caucus.

BORAH OBJECTS TO MOVE

Curtis of Kansas Succeeds Lodge as Leader—Republican Senatorial Conference Bars Four Radicals From Caucuses.

Washington.—The bolt of Senators La Follette, Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier from the Republican ticket in the campaign was formally recognized by the Republicans of the Senate in caucus here.

By an overwhelming vote the would-be pussyfooters among the so-called leaders, who feared the political consequences of any attempted discipline, were defeated. The majority decided in a formal resolution drafted by Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania that these four recalcitrants would not be invited to Republican conferences. The resolution also provided that they should not be considered on committees from now on.

Their present committee places were not disturbed, leaving La Follette as second man on the Senate Finance Committee, as chairman of the Manufactures Committee and as second man on the Interstate Commerce Committee. It was stated after the conference had adjourned that when the Senate of the new Congress makes changes in the committee lists La Follette may be displaced from high rank on the two big committees, though there is no wish to deprive him of the perquisites which go with a chairmanship.

The only desire is to prevent him from representing the Senate Republicans when conferences between the two houses on differences in bills are held. Normally, appointment of conferees is made strictly according to rank.

This action was a complete surprise. Senator Curtis of Kansas, who was elected leader, according to the program every one expected to be carried out, had no idea the fight was coming. It had generally been assumed that talk of disciplining La Follette and the Senators and members of the House who had fought for him and against Coolidge was confined to the newspapers.

The pacifically inclined among the leaders thought they had succeeded in deferring the discussion until the next Congress, and expressed the view that with this delay all talk of discipline would be forgotten by the time the new Congress convenes, with another election only eleven months ahead.

Senator Edge, of New Jersey, who has just been re-elected; Senator Ernst, of Kentucky, and Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, opened the fight at the caucus, and it speedily developed that the regular leaders were without a following. Senator Ladd was the only one of the four bolters who was present.

Sharp criticism of this "reading them out of the party" came at once from the so-called progressive Western group. Norris was caustic in his comments, while Borah, although summoned twice to the White House, was opposed to it. Borah indicated he would express his views when some of the results of the action, such as committee changes, come up for approval on the floor of the Senate.

At the White House the statement was made that the President had no idea whether this exclusion of the Senators who had fought against the election of Coolidge and Dawes, though holding committee places as Republicans, would make it easier or harder to get the legislative program through at this session. Further comment was declined.

Aside from the surprise element of the spanking administered to the four "progressives," most of the talk afterwards centered on possible political effects, particularly in the campaign of 1926. The radicals are already boasting about what they expect to do in that campaign in the way of defeating "regular" Republican Senators and members of the House.

LOST SLEEP
FROM PIMPLES
Large, Red and Hard.
Cuticura Heals.

"My trouble began by pimples breaking out on my face. They were large, red and hard, and feathered and scaled over. The pimples were in blotches and some nights itched so that I could not sleep. My face was disfigured, and the trouble lasted about four months. I tried different remedies without any benefit. I was advised to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment which I did, and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mary L. Souza, 290 E. Main St., Fall River, Mass., July 29, 1923.

Rely on Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to cure for your skin. Sample Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, P.O. Box 101, Boston, Mass. Send for your free sample and booklet. Try our new Shaving Stick.

Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

Incorporated A. D. 1819

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Deposits Nov. 26, 1924	\$14,557,690.48
Deposits Nov. 26, 1923	\$13,625,783.35
INCREASE	\$931,907.13

Begin today to lay the foundation for your success. Deposit a small part of your earnings each week == you will be surprised at the sum you will accumulate in a very short time.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE OF THE FINEST

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS
Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway
NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Filled by
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS
IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Under an agreement reached with the state of Connecticut the United States government has leased the east side of the state pier at New London as a base for the Coast Guard destroyer fleet of five vessels now engaged in chasing rum-runners. The lease will continue for one year.

A new state-wide Republican organization, known as "The Elephants of Massachusetts," was formed at the Boston City Club. The organizers are members of the flying squadron that toured the state in the interests of the Republican party in the last campaign.

Mrs. Mary Cecilia Carrigan, 13, a grammar school pupil and bride must continue to attend school until the end of her 15th year, according to the ruling of Trust Officer James R. Cannon, who has served notice to this effect on the girl's husband, John Thomas Carrigan, 18, of Providence.

James Lucey, the robber-philosopher of Northampton, Mass., spent \$18 for cigars, and that was his only expense in the campaign for representative, which he lost, outside of a \$10 contribution to the Republican state committee, he stated in his return to the secretary of state.

A dormitory for working women and apartment house for married students of Boston will shortly open on Yarmouth street, Boston, under the supervision of the Morgan Memorial. The establishment of this place is made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Eliza Ann Henry of Lincoln, N. H., 32-year-old widow of James E. Henry, who was a millionaire lumber man in Henryville, that township. Mrs. Henry has not only decided to the institution a six-story brick building at 17 Yarmouth street, Back Bay, for the purpose, but has provided funds for remodeling the structure.

CALLES NOW MEXICO'S HEAD

Inaugurated at a Special Session of Congress Held in Stadium.

Mexico City.—The future of Mexico is now in the hands of the first Labor President, General Plutarco Elias Calles, who took the oath of office before a crowd of 25,000 in the stadium. The oath of office took less than two minutes, then President Calles became Mexico's chief.

One side of the stadium was filled by members of labor unions, carrying red and black flags.

BRITISH TROOPS GUARD EGYPT

Sudan Is Quiet and Cairo Preserving Order.

London.—The steady reinforcement of British troops in Egypt is continuing and the first battalion of Buffs embarked at Gibraltar, despite the fact that the government still believes it will not be necessary to employ force. Cairo advises indicate that the new government is devoting itself to the preservation of peace and that no reports of new incidents in the Sudan have reached the capital.

FORCED TO TELL THE TRUTH

By MARY B. WOODSEN

(C. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

THIS story has no moral. It is a true story. Hilda Hancock is the heroine. She was a homely girl. Since this is a true story that is a fact. From the peak of her high and shining forehead to the toes of her large and substantial feet she possessed not a point that could charitably be called passable. But people always said kindly she was such a sweet girl, so sensible.

At the age of sixteen and three-quarters, Hilda graduated from the Hays-town high school and her parents tactfully suggested that she get out and hunt for herself as there were seven younger Hancocks to be graduated by degrees. The old folks realized it was useless to keep Hilda around the house as matrimonial bait. So Hilda sold her pet cow—beef was high that year—packed her hairpins, class picture, heavy stockings and some other things and embarked for the city. She promptly enrolled in a business factory where in due course of time she learned to make pot-hooks in a notebook as fast as a man can talk, and to hit the right keys on a typewriter seven times out of ten. She also learned to add a column of figures on her fingers and to strike a balance sheet in a set of books that would make a wire-walker seasick. When the factory boss had no more knowledge to give her, he gave her his blessing. Instead of the address of a man needing a stenographer, and advised her to go gunning for experience.

Hilda's chase of this shy led her into many and various offices. In rapid succession she worked for a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, a chef, a rich man, a poor man, a beggar man and a trust magnate. Her longest record for holding down a job was two weeks when she compiled a list of investments for the beggar man and made out his income tax blanks. She picked up a few shakels in this way and much wisdom about men. She knew her work was as good as the average and that there must be other reasons why she couldn't make permanent connections with a job. This began to dawn on her after she had been handed her weekly stipend by her eighteenth employer with the remark that she needn't come back Monday. It was clinched when a beautiful blond doll, wearing a daintily striped sweater and dots a half yard across asked her the location of her ex-eighteenth employer's office.

So that evening, in the solitude of her room, Hilda took a careful inventory of her personal disadvantages. She summed up the net result which was discouraging, not to say distressing, in her frank, bucolic way.

"Say, sister," she confided to her mirror, "you could see your parents for the face they've given you. But you can't get away from it—it's glued on. So you might as well invent a disguise."

The telegram she sent her father next day started him so he couldn't enjoy his after-dinner nap. But he went to the bank on Monday and borrowed the money which he remitted with a paternally expostulating letter and her mother's butter and egg money. So Hilda was financed for her experiment.

When the beauty doctors saw her coming they thought her an easy victim, but Hilda was on to their game. She told them in the beginning she was a desperate case and wanted something done, quickly, to give her a general family resemblance to other girls. So the beauty doctors pitched in. They massaged and cold-creamed. They steamed and fed. They shampooed and singed. They plucked her eyebrows and darkened her eyelashes. They manicured and polished. And occasionally they retired behind the door and fell on each other's necks in despair only to come grimly back with another kind of "treatment" and another way to fix her hair so her chin would stick out more and her nose less. When they turned her loose at last, with an armload of jars and bottles, she looked like a French doll that had gotten mashed in packing. With the few dollars left, Hilda bought a dress of a color combination she couldn't wear and a hat that shouldn't have gone with the dress. Her last four dollars went for French kiss books, made in New Jersey, with three-lined heels. With her heart and pocketbook light she felt she was made.

But at the first place she applied for work next day, the manager seemed to suffer a violent stab of blood to the head, followed by a severe convulsion spell. He finally said they had decided they didn't need any more help, though his ad was in the morning paper. And after the fourth separate and distinct rebuff, two of them not so polite, Hilda began to lose faith in her beauty and have an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of her stomach when she thought of the money "flew" had borrowed and she had spent.

The last place on her list was the general office of a large corporation. She was obliged to wait a few minutes before seeing the manager and realized with dismay that she had never seen such an array of feminine beauty as was concentrated in that one office. Such peachy cheeks and creamy throats such silky hair, peppy teeth, fascinating dimples—horrid hammering typewriters peeped sharp-

ing pencils, nymphs taking notes. They seemed to smile from desk to desk in pensive admiration of their own beauty—for something.

"Well," thought Hilda, as her heart hit the sole of left shoe, "this is no place for little me. I don't hanker to be the fly in the ointment."

But before she could escape, the manager, an old young man with bored eyes, spoke to her. His gaze seemed to hold faint interest.

"Can you spell?" he asked wearily.

"Oh, yes, sir." Almost unconsciously Hilda answered in her professionally willing manner and her teeth leaped at him—she had those large, straightforward teeth.

"You're hired," he said.

And astounding as it may seem she remained hired. Though the beauties came and went and the pulchritudinous average of the office force remained greater than that of a musical comedy, Hilda held her job. As the days slipped by she gained more confidence, made fewer mistakes and was "raised" with gratifying regularity. She was too dog tired after a long day at the office to bother with the beauty doctor daps and just resigned herself. And within a reasonable length of time she was doing the old young manager's work exclusively at a world-wide salary. Then he held her one day he was going West to open a new branch for the company and wanted her to go along as his private secretary. Hilda was as surprised as anybody.

"I'll go, if you'll answer me one question," she said at last.

He seemed warily willing.

"I'm pretty, homely, ain't I?" asked Hilda.

He looked so uncomfortable that she laughed her hearty laugh.

"Oh, I'm used to it now," she said. "And I'm too busy to mind any more. But I've always wondered why the dickens you ever hired me—Hilda—to be a blot on the landscape, and want me sticking around—"

Still cautiously, the old young man hesitated.

"You won't get mad and quit if I tell you?"

"No."

"Well, you're valuable because you're so darn homely, you—pested my eyes."

Great Sculptor's Joke on Joseph Pulitzer

The late Joseph Pulitzer was singularly delicate about being fully clad and could not bear to have any part of his person exposed to the gaze of another. His sensitiveness in this particular developed in an amusing way at Cape Martin in the spring of 1910 when, after much negotiation, the great Rodin was commissioned to execute a bust.

Rodin insisted that Mr. Pulitzer in posing should lay bare his shoulders in order that the pose of the head might be correctly revealed. To this Mr. Pulitzer objected strenuously. Rodin was obdurate but it was not until he threatened to throw up the commission and return to Paris that his subject surrendered, and then only on condition that none but his immediate attendants should be admitted to the studio.

This was agreed to and the work went on, the model proving very peevish and unruly and refusing to talk to Rodin, who naturally wished to put his sister at ease and to get at least a glimpse of his mind.

The contract was for busts in bronze and in marble. The bronze is a mere head with no attempt to indicate the shoulders. The marble goes further—and here Rodin had his revenge; for he laid a bit of roching across the chest, playfully suggestive of a chemise—Don C. Seitz, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Isn't It Strange!

When the animals came out of the ark, Noah had forgotten their names, and so he and his family gave them new ones. When an enormous thing with a long nose came out, Shem said, "Let's call it an elephant."

"Very good," said Noah; and they wrote it down.

Then out came an animal with a very long neck.

"Let's call it a giraffe," said Ham.

"Very good," said Noah; and they wrote it down. Then they went through the stripes and the woods, and the long legs, and named them all in turn.

But right at the end, out came a small thing that did kang jumps.

"Let's call it a frog," said Ham.

"But why call it a frog?" asked Noah.

"Well," replied Ham, "what else could you call it? It looks like a frog, doesn't it?"—De Moley Chronicle.

"Presidents" of States

Under the first constitutions of New Hampshire, Delaware and South Carolina the chief executive of the state was called the president. South Carolina changed the title to governor in 1775 and New Hampshire and Delaware in 1792. From 1776 to 1781 the highest executive authority of Pennsylvania was vested in an executive council, the chairman of which was called the president. However, after the Constitution was adopted by the 13 original states Texas was the only independent republic with a president at its head to be admitted into the Union as a state.—Exchange.

Two Styles in One House

To teach Japanese the advantages of electricity, a two-story house, having one-half the rooms furnished according to Japanese methods and the other half in accordance with present-day western ideas, has been built near Tokyo for exhibition purposes.

DEFIED GODS' WRATH FOR SAKE OF LOOT

Proof That Egyptian Undertakers Stole From Dead.

Evidence that Egyptian undertakers in 2000 B. C. stole jewelry from the dead, defying the gods, and then sent the family big bills has been uncovered by the University museum expedition in the tombs of ancient Egypt, writes the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, in charge of the Eckley B. Cox expedition sent out by the museum, gives these facts in a report just received. The site now being excavated was used as early as 200 B. C. by the mysterious Anet kings. Its tombs, however, according to Doctor Fisher, reach their grandest splendor in the period from the Eighteenth to Twentieth century B. C., when the kings and queens and their courtiers were buried just opposite Luxor.

"It was one of the fundamental requisites in Egyptian religious beliefs that the body of the deceased should be preserved intact throughout eternity, and much pains and ingenuity were expended to accomplish this end," writes Doctor Fisher. "Tombs were constructed with false doors and misleading passages so that the actual location of the tomb chamber would be concealed. Our excavations of Ghiseh and Memereh showed us the undertakers trusted with the disposal of the corpse in its final resting place were, however, willing to defy the gods for spoils."

"Bodies have been found in sealed tombs and in coffins with the lids undisturbed with their hands, feet and heads cut off so ornaments and jewelry could be removed quickly. Having done this hastily, the undertakers departed with their loot, never failing, it is certain, to collect the amount due from the family for their services."

Further evidence that it was a bad practice for a man to try to take his wealth with him after death is given by Doctor Fisher, who adds:

"During the reign of the later Ramesside pharaohs the systematic plundering of the Theban tombs by organized bands became such a public scandal that a commission was appointed to investigate the matter. The robbers after finding a tomb in the midst of a group tunneled under ground to an adjoining one and thus could loot a whole row of chambers without their work becoming apparent to any one on the outside."

"During the Middle Ages there arose in Europe a demand for the bitumen with which the mummies had been preserved, as it was supposed to have some medicinal value. The cemeteries were the only source of supply, and countless tombs were searched."

"The final phase came with the advent of the modern tourist and his demand for souvenirs of his visit. To this period we owe the wholesale destruction of the decorations on the walls themselves, as many beautiful reliefs were wantonly mutilated to get one coveted head. Happily, the natives have now discovered it is far more profitable and less risky to pass off upon the tourist an excellent forgery, which gives as much satisfaction to the purchaser."

"The lower slope of the cemetery is practically covered with the mud brick houses of the modern Arab town of Dra-abul-negrah, in each case a house marking the position of a tomb."

"The entire village owes its existence to the fact that in this district, excessively hot in summer, a cool subterranean chamber is a necessary adjunct to a dwelling and the rock caverns were a cheap and easy way of obtaining it. When not used for sleeping they made fine stables and storehouses for crops. The chance of finding a treasure was an added incentive."

The Deadly Sex

She invited him to parties, dances, teas and everything that she properly could. Her eyes were very soft. She did her best to please him in every way. She led him through the moonlight and gave him all the chance in the world to tell her the old, old story. But he didn't want her for a life partner, and so, of course, he didn't tell her the story.

But later on another fellow did, and she agreed to wed. And one day she chanced to meet on the street the chap she had haunted in the past and this kind and gentle reader, is what she said to him:

"Oh, Jimmy, didn't we used to have perfectly wonderful times playing around together? You were a dandy pal! But, oh, you don't know how different it seems to a girl when she has met the one!"

And still they call them the weaker sex.—William Sanford, in Judge.

Bit of Advice

A fresh youth on a Florida beach eyed a fair bather longer than she considered necessary. She shot him a glance or two that evinced no friendliness. A good-natured native thought fit to offer the young man a word of advice.

"Son," said he, "maybe we Southerners are a trifle fiery. Anyhow, when you see a pretty girl coming out of the surf, remember the words of 'Dixie.'"

"What words?"

"Look away!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Double

"I want a hair not please."

"What strength, madam?"

"Oh—three motor rides, two dances and a picnic!"

Full Military Honors at Squaw Man's Burial

Sam Terry, beloved "Niksela" and squaw man of the Sioux, lies buried in the Rosebud Indian reservation in St. Francis, S. D. Full military honors were accorded the old United States scout and former Indian fighter by the American Legion as his body was lowered to its last resting place.

Samuel Mark Terry, nephew of General Terry of Civil war and Indian war fame, was born in New York September 1, 1830. Sam joined the United States army in 1855 and a gunshot wound received in the Civil war caused him to wear a silver plate in his throat for the rest of his life.

Handicapped by the wound and undaunted by loss of his toes by freezing while he was engaged in army messenger and scout work for Uncle Sam around the army posts in the land of the Sioux Indians, Sam Terry continued in the government service until romance conquered him.

His detachment was about to attack an Indian village in 1887, with orders to kill every man. During the fighting figures were seen hiding in the tall grass. One of the soldiers was about to shoot when Sam ordered him to wait. Search of the grass revealed two Indian girls. After the attack, one of these persisted in pursuing Terry until he became a squaw man and a real lover of the Indians.

Old-timers declare Sam Terry was a noble character. He served his country for 23 years, and after his adoption by the Indians he helped bring about a mutual understanding between them and Washington.

Where the Hairpins Go

There is a very charming fairy story written concerning the land where all lost points go, says the St. Joseph News-Press. So completely do vast quantities of pins disappear from human sight that it seems there must be some magic in their vanishment. But the pretty fairy story is far from the world reality of the discovery, the other day, of many of the lost pins, especially hairpins. When sheriffs raided squatters who were occupying shacks on the Chicago dump, a pile of thirty tons of wire articles, mostly hairpins, was discovered.

The discarded hairpins covered a space fifty feet square and the pile was four feet deep. Evidently girls and women who bobbed their hair had thrown away their collection of hairpins and those who profit from sorting trash had assembled the remarkable collection. Freedom from the thrall of pins sticking into or pressing their heads is said to be one of the great advantages of women's short locks, though facetious men have complained that the loss of this household article means the deprivation of handy nuptials and of a wire to hold damaged galluses. Yet their alleged consternation is nothing in comparison with the plight of hairpin manufacturers.

Meaning of "Alabama"

It has long been a matter of tradition that the name "Alabama" had the romantic meaning of "Here We Rest." This originated about seventy-five years ago and gained widespread popularity through the writings of Judge Meek, who handled the history of the state in a volume which was very generally accepted. Some recent philological research has upset this. Rev. Allen Wright, a highly educated Choctaw, says that it means "thicket clearers." That was originally the name of a tribe of Indians which inhabited that part of the country and the name was always given to the river and afterwards to the state. In his opinion the word is compounded from "Alba," meaning a thicket or mass of vegetation, and "amo," to clear or gather up. Another student of tribal dialects concurs in this belief, with the slightly different definition of "vegetation gatherers."

Man Before Radio

Edgar A. DeForest, the radio inventor, said at a Minneapolis reception:

"Radio is so wonderful that the average man feels before it like the farmer at the seaside."

"A farmer on his first visit to the seaside went down to the beach at low tide and saw a big fishing smack lying high and dry on the sand."

"Hey, mister," he said to a fisherman, "how do you get that big boat down to the water?"

"We don't take the boat down to the water, shipmate," said the fisherman, with a smile. "The water comes up to the boat."

"The farmer laughed."

"Yes, mister," he said, "I know I'm from the country, all right, all right, but you needn't think I'm goin' to swaller that!"

Power

"I can turn you out a statue," declared a boaster. "I can turn you out a painting or novel. I can turn you out a song."

"With all that," commented a bystander, "you ain't nearly so powerful as that little fellow over yonder."

"Who is he?"

"He's a landlord. He can turn you out!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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MAKE NEW RECORD IN LOADING CARS

Railroads Handle 1,102,336 Cars in Week.

Washington.—A new high record for loading freight cars, with its accompanying indication of business conditions, was made by American railroads during the week ended October 18.

During that week 1,102,336 cars were loaded with revenue freight, exceeding by more than 8,000 cars the previous high record of 1,023. On one day, alone, October 15, the railroads moved 1,000,211 cars, both loaded and empty, which if made up into one solid train would have reached from New York to San Francisco and return and then back to Omaha.

In a report issued recently, the American Railway association declares that while the weekly records of American railroading were being surpassed, the movement of freight was carried on without congestion or car shortage, and that there are 100,000 serviceable freight cars and 5,400 locomotives in surplus reserve.

Spend Much for Equipment.

The railroads, the report says, were enabled to make the new record because of their large expenditures for equipment and improvements; because of improved car distribution and because of the growing efficiency of the regional shipper's advisory boards having memberships representing all phases of agricultural and industrial production.

"Record-breaking grain crops have been moved without a single reported car shortage from the western states," says the report. "The California perishable producers heretofore have been confronted with periodical car shortages, but this year there was no shortage of refrigerator equipment."

Other Records Established.

In addition to the new high record for movement of revenue freight during the week ended October 18, the railroads made other new records.

More cars were loaded with miscellaneous freight; more cars were loaded with live stock and the new record was made for cars in movement on a single day. Loading of grain and grain products for the entire comparative period were second only to the high record made two weeks earlier.

Coal showed a small decrease; merchandise and small lots, and forest products showed an increase over a year ago, but ore and coke showed a decrease.

All classes showed increases over the corresponding week two years ago, except in the eastern district.

Hunter Capitalizes Find

Made on Quest for Quail

Lake Charles, La.—Tradition having it that a burro once kicked up a gold mine in the Rocky mountains, and that the copper deposits in the Southwest were found in a similar manner, folks in this section were not so greatly surprised when it developed that Louisiana's newest oil field was discovered by a quail hunter.

W. W. Lemoine, a local business man, who, during the open season, passes as much time in the fields as he does in his office, for years has been an inveterate prospector for oil, and about half his time on hunting trips was "wasted" exploring woods and marshes for traces of the "black gold."

Lemoine went hunting along Bagdad bayou, near here, one fine day three years ago, and came upon one Tillman, a negro recluse. The usual topic of conversation with Lemoine was oil, and he soon reached the subject. Tillman knew of no oil, but he did know where there was gas. The upshot was that Lemoine agreed to give Tillman an annuity of \$1,800 a year if he would show him where it was, and if anything came of it.

Tillman led Lemoine straight across the country to Indian bayou, only a few miles from here, and there, in the edge of the marsh was the negro's "gas." Lemoine touched a match to it, and it burned.

Keeping his knowledge secret, Lemoine tied up 4,000 acres of land on leases, and an oil concern agreed to test the field. Two wells were sunk without result, and then the third brought in a gusher.

The usual horde has moved in, machinery and material for more wells and tanks are being transported to the field by the railroads.

Britons Fight to Save Historical Monuments

London.—Modernizing English towns at the expense of historical monuments is being condemned throughout the country by civic societies and persons interested in keeping together the glory that was England's.

The post-war unrest is particularly shown in smaller towns, where the authorities are destroying buildings and other historical monuments to make wide roads, parks and other necessities of modern municipal planning.

The secretary of the society for the protection of ancient buildings has addressed a protest to the prime minister and will seek to have a bill against allowing the destruction brought before parliament.

Several famous buildings have been destroyed during the last year. It is stated in the letter to the premier, including the sixteenth century court-house at Barking.

The society is also endeavoring to limit the destruction of ancient bridges which is going on over the country to meet the needs of the present-day heavy traffic.

INDIANS SUE TEXAS FOR BIG LAND TRACT

File Title Claim to Acreage Value of \$150,000,000.

Tyler, Texas.—An another legal step in prosecution of their claim to title to 1,500,000 acres of land in eastern Texas, the Cherokee Indians, through their attorney, John M. Taylor of Okemore, Okla., have filed for record in the county clerk's office here a complete abstract and description of the property involved. The value of the land at this time is placed at about \$150,000,000. It is made up of many fine farms, thriving communities and towns.

The Cherokee claim to have obtained the territory outlined by treaty dated November 8, 1822, with the Mexican government, and assert the treaty rights acquired from the Mexicans were recognized by the republic of Texas, Sam Houston, and other representatives of the republic, acting for Texas.

Asserting the white settlers, for no reason other than that they wanted the Indians' land, forcefully dispossessed the Cherokees in 1839, using Texas rangers for the purpose and engaging in warfare against them, the remaining tribe of the Cherokees declares that it still holds title to the country described.

The claims involved in the instrument just filed have been pending for years before both federal and state governments. The motive for filing the abstract and history of the claim for record in the county clerk's office here is not known.

Students of early Texas history declare the republic of Texas never legally ratified any agreement made by Sam Houston and others with the Cherokees and that, even had the treaty been ratified, it expired upon the outbreak of a state of war between the Cherokee tribe and the republic of Texas, which culminated in the bloody battle of Little Rock, Cherokee county, in 1839, when the power of the Cherokees was broken after a determined fight.

Once Famous Violinist Playing in Streets

Pittsburgh.—Back in 1908 Peter van der Meer played a violin recital in Carnegie Music hall, New York, and critics acclaimed the artist in his performance of Paganini's Concerto in D Major. He had studied under Tsary at Antwerp and Brussels, and had been a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Recently a group of men, idling about the entrance to the Fort Pitt hotel saw a blind street musician preparing to play. To them he was just a graying doddler.

But apathy vanished and a crowd gathered as the strains of Schumann's "Traumerei" came sweetly from the instrument in the hands of the sightless player. "Evening Star" from "Tannhauser," "Souvenir" by Dord, a Drego Serenade, the prison scene from "Il Trovatore," and the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" followed for a two-hour program.

Bill folds were opened and the hattered hat held more than \$50 when the collection was over.

The blind player was Peter van der Meer, sightless since 1915 when, catarracts followed measles in a prolonged illness. For six years he was in Bellevue hospital, New York, where physicians told him he would never see again.

He has played his way to Pittsburgh. He will continue in a few days his journey southward with his violin, and what Tsary and his own passion for the instrument have given him will pay the way.

Armenia Has 40,000 Acres in Cotton Plant

Erivan, Armenia.—American methods of cotton growing are being introduced in Armenia.

A new cotton factory, equipped with modern American machinery, has just been completed in Erivan.

At the present time, more than 40,000 acres of cotton are under cultivation. This is 40 times greater than the acreage under cultivation in 1921.

The Armenian government expects this year to produce 30,000,000 pounds of raw cotton. One factory in Erivan has an output of nearly 2,000,000 pounds a month.

In order to encourage farmers to cultivate their own cotton fields, the government is allotting them large quantities of free seed. The government pays \$2.75 for 40 pounds of the raw material. The present average yield is about 1,000 pounds an acre.

Methuselah Only 80 Astronomer Declares

Berkeley, Cal.—Methuselah was not nine hundred and sixty-nine years of age when he died, as set forth in Genesis, but was only eighty, according to a statement by Prof. Russell T. Crawford, astronomer at the University of California.

"The ancients computed their time by cycles, which we have taken to mean years," Professor Crawford said. "This is wrong, for the ancients did not mean a yearly cycle but a cycle of the moon, of which there may have been 900 in Methuselah's life. There are that number of moon cycles in 80 years."

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WHY

Parents Are Responsible for Children Lying.

Lying is a well-known vice, and I hear parents lying to their children every day of my life, writes A. S. Nell, in the London News. "Don't touch that. Here's the policeman coming!" "Nice children don't ask for a third helping."

Quite a lot of child lying is imitation of the parents. I blame the parents every time a child lies. If he lies because he is afraid to tell the parents, know nothing about children. Free children never lie; at least they never tell cowardly lies. The egotistical lie, "I saw 16 funerals today, aunty," is an attempt to make oneself important. When we grow up, we adopt other methods—write articles for papers, sing, act and wear loud clothes. All are mostly childish lies in their essence—but dear things to us. The child who lies through phantasy is no more a slither than a novelist is.

Long experience has forced me to the conclusion that it is our out-of-date system of educating children that makes our children neurotic and difficult. When parents cease to try to mold the character of their children a new era for children will arrive. I marvel at the daring of parents. Which of us is good enough to tell a child how to live? I think of our generation and what it has done. We still have wars and slums and crime and hate and scandal—and we dare tell a child how to live. I would smile if the results were not so tragic.

Why Indians Scalped Their Fallen Enemies

Roger Williams, writing of the tribe of Narragansett Indians, in 1649, says: "Timequassit: To cut off or behind which they are most skillful to do in fight: For whenever they wound and their arrow sticks in the body of their enemy, they (if they be valorous, and possibly may) follow their arrow, and falling upon the person wounded and tearing his head a little aside by his locks, they in the twinkling of an eye fetch off his head though but with a sorry knife."

Scalping was occasionally performed as an act of torture, but was commonly merely the taking of the whole or a part of the hair and skin of an enemy's head as a trophy to show that the possessor had slain a foe, remarks the Detroit News. It was only necessary to take the little part on the crown where the hair radiates, the "cowlick." This part was demanded, because there is only one such place on any given head, and therefore cheating was eliminated.

Why Fish Meal Is Valuable

Fish meal that can be used for cattle food is one of the uprisings by-products of the great fisheries industries that center at Grimsby, England. As in all canning and packing centers, there accumulate great quantities of offal, as well as of discarded fish unfit for food. These are sent to garbage reduction plants that extract oil, glue, isinglass and fertilizer, and convert the better class of scrap into a fine fish meal. This is used for chicken food, and it has also been discovered that cattle will relish and thrive on a certain proportion of this meal mixed with their other feed. It is believed that this is the only case so far on record of cattle becoming carnivorous.

Why Eye Trouble Abounds

At a meeting of the American College of Surgeons a warning against excessive reading was sounded by Sir Henry London Ferguson of New Zealand, one of the speakers. "Eyes were not meant for reading," he said, "but were intended for use in the jungles in looking out for wild animals and searching for food. It is only within the last 200 years that reading has become a matter of course for the general public and is largely responsible for the great amount of eye trouble today."

Why Turquoise Was Valued

In Europe it was once believed that the word turquoise meant victorious, or fortunate. Because the turquoise frequently changes color, turning from a sky blue shade to a paler greenish blue, people formed a superstition to it, saying that the stone shone when the air was pure, but became dim when ill fortune was about. Turquoises, when worn, were considered insurance against a person's being struck by lightning or being drowned.

Straight, Tubular Outline in Favor

Mode Featured Principally in Tailored Dresses and Ensembles.

Two silhouettes dominate the afternoon and semi-formal dresses for the season, according to a fashion authority in the New York Herald-Tribune. The straight, tubular outline, so generally affected last season, is still popular and is featured principally in tailored dresses and ensemble suits. The new silhouette type is distinguished by a flare which occurs usually at the lower sector of the skirt. This flare effect is achieved by means of tucks, inserted godets and plaits, and it is seen in every genre of frock except the strictly tailored dress. The most advanced silhouette of the season has a molded or semi-molded bodice, continues its narrow lines over the hips and flares moderately at the hemline. It is decidedly shorter than last season and averages from thirteen to fifteen inches off the ground.

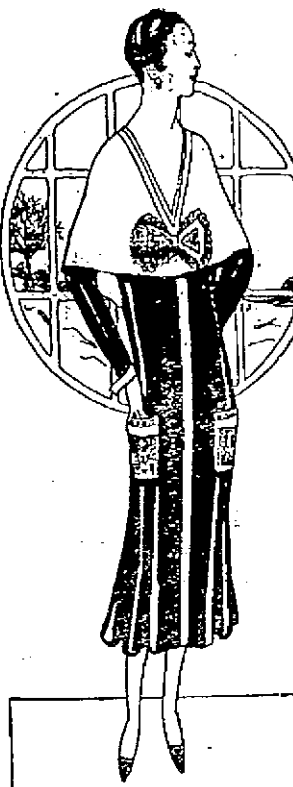
No one type of waistline stands out definitely this fall. The line may be high, directoire, low, normal or absent. There is a decided tendency toward the marked waistline, and a return to a normal perceptible line by next spring is generally predicted.

The long sleeve is a definite and essential factor in afternoon dresses. The plain tight-fitting variety is the most frequent note, but there are numerous other diversifications which are also in vogue. Prominent among these are the medieval gauntlet type, the bishop sleeve, the Elizabethan plaited ruffle that covers the hand, and the shaped sleeve. The cuff is often made in an opposing color or of a contrasting material. In general the long, slender effect is invariably decreed in street and afternoon dresses for fall and winter.

The typical fall neckline is decidedly high. This effect is achieved through high collars, which may be attached or separate, through the scarf, and by means of the jabot. The directoire collar is a frequent and popular note. A very effective innovation is the soft, high collar, which is turned down over a small, trim tie.

The tunic is of paramount importance this season. It is employed by practically every Paris designer and it plays a significant part in the inauguration of the more involved silhouette. The tunic may be an integral part of the dress or it may appear as a separate tunic-blouse. Tunics are straight, bias or slashed and they are most generally used for afternoon and street ensemble costumes, where coat and tunic are of identical length.

Daytime dresses show a distinct tendency toward ribbed materials, so-called to distinguish them from flat-surfaced fabrics. Bengaline, ottoman



Black Velvet Overblouse Worn Over a White Satin Slip.

and faille are the leading materials of this type. Crepe satin, kasha, reps, twill, fulgurante, silk velvets and artificial silk velvets are also important materials. For dresses which accompany the ensemble, brocaded and metallic fabrics are an important note.

Colorful hues are gradually superseding black and white, although the latter combination is still a most prominent factor for street and afternoon frocks. Among the new hues, the brown range, from rust to beige, is the most popular color note. Navy blue, bottle green and red are also prominent. Tartan and Scotch plaids are seen in profusion, especially in sports clothes.

Leopard, skunk, tiger, monkey fur, buttons, braid, silk fringe, chenille embroidery, appliques of velvet, fur and suede, head and thread embroidery, buttons, tassels and fabric manipulation are the outstanding trimmings for the fall and winter daytime dresses.

Afternoon Coats.

The coat silhouette is undergoing a gradual reconstruction, with the result that there are two general outlines offered for autumn—the perennial straight-line and the recent fuller

effect. The coat flare begins at a higher line than the dress and is slightly more pronounced. Godets and dummies are employed to achieve this distended effect, which usually occurs about the knees. The trend in winter coats is toward the new and fuller silhouette, but both outlines are and will remain in vogue for fall and winter. A frequent, characteristic of the fall type is a slightly fitted effect at the waistline. Many coats are double breasted, so that the upper part may fold back, while the under front, of a different fabric, is held across the figure—the famous double coat effect which has attracted such wide attention this season.

Wide gauntlet cuffs of fur are the most effective of an unusually varied collection of sleeves which appear on the new fall and winter coats. There are no decided ideas on coat sleeves, which may be narrow, puffed, bishop or wide wing affairs that give a tea-gown appearance.

Collars are often of the same material as the cuff and correspond in genre. For instance, the gauntlet cuffs mentioned above are accom-



Black Velvet Overblouse Worn Over a White Satin Slip.

panied by a high collar of the same fur. Large, abundant directoire collars and simple, smaller affairs share the stage equally. Fichu, choker and shawl effects lead.

The materials of ensemble coats invariably include the material of the dress. Sometimes this is the principal fabric and sometimes it is utilized only as a prominent trimming. The ribbed silks, particularly ottoman and bengaline, soft-napped cloths including kasha and velours de laine, velvet, velveteen and Smyrne cloths are the leading fabrics for the street coat. Scotch and tartan plaid wools are highly favored for sports coats.

Shades for Coats.

Black, green and brown shades are in the van for coats, and the greatest of these is brown. A full range of brown hues is seen in the new models, emphasizing russet-brown, brick, scarlet, dull red and bottle green, the latter one of the season's outstanding shades, is recommended for those to whom the brown range does not appeal.

Burunduki, or chipmunk, leopard, natural muskrat, astrakhan, beaver, squirrel and the varied species of fox are the outstanding for trimmings for fall and winter coats. These are employed principally for collars, cuffs and hemline borders. Large buttons, tassels, braids and self-trimmings applied in such a manner as to give a contrasted effect are among other outstanding trimmings of the season.

Straight lines feature the vast majority of ensemble coats, and there is less of the flared effect than in any other part of the feminine wardrobe. When the low flare does occur it is usually accompanied by a slightly fitted waistline.

Sleeves and waistline follow the general tendencies of other coats. The sleeves are fairly ample and frequently for trimmed, while the high standing collar is an invariable note.

Fine woven suede-finish materials, velvet, kasha, velours de laine, durtyn and fur are the outstanding materials.

The lining of the coat is nearly always the identical material of the principal fabric of the dress.

Brown, dark red and green are the leading shades. A characteristic ensemble touch is the combination of a dark colored coat and a contrasting, bright-hued dress.

The straight silhouette is rarely varied, and when it is the hemline flare is very slight. The waistline is usually not marked.

Materials are more sumptuous than in regular daytime dresses. In addition to the ribbed silks—ottoman, bengaline and faille—there are crepe silks, satins, plaited georgette, brocaded chiffon, printed and brocaded velvets, silver lame shot with color and monochrome de role. Sometimes an entire tunic is developed in a pliable fur felt.

The bright tones of red, green, beige and gray are the most significant shades of a very diversified color range. Vividness is the basic color note of the ensemble dress or tunic-blouse.

Much Profit in Well-Bred Bull

Animal Should Be Given Care and Management to Insure Good Condition.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the most important aims of the dairyman should be to have the services of a good, well-bred bull, says the United States Department of Agriculture, and then, having a good bull, he should be given the care and management that will insure the greatest profit from him. He should be so fed and exercised as to maintain his activity and healthy, vigorous condition.

Grain to Feed.

The amount of grain to feed to dairy sires varies from four to ten pounds, depending on the size and condition of the animal and the kind of roughage. A grain mixture recommended by the department as having been used with success consists of three parts ground corn (by weight), two parts ground oats, two parts wheat bran, and one part linseed meal. Another mixture suggested consists of three parts ground oats, two parts wheat bran, one part ground corn or barley, and one part linseed meal.

Ground oats are considered especially valuable for bulls. Cottonseed meal is not usually regarded with favor, especially when fed in large amounts. Some breeders think it causes impotency.

On some farms the bulls are given the spoiled or musty hay or waste feed left by other animals. This is poor practice. It is just as necessary to feed the bulls properly as the cows. The legume hays—alfalfa, clover, vetch, soy bean, cowpeas are excellent roughage, and should be fed liberally if possible. If the non-leguminous roughages, such as timothy or prairie hay, corn silage, stover, or fodder are fed, a grain mixture higher in protein should be used.

Use of Silage.

Breeders differ as to the advisability of feeding silage. Some maintain that a considerable amount of silage is likely to lessen the vigor of a bull and make him sterile. Others feed silage in large quantities and report no undesirable results. So far as experimental work shows, it is probable that silage does not have any direct effect on the breeding powers. Large amounts of silage, or other extremely bulky feeds, may have a tendency to distend the paunch so that the bull becomes too heavy on his feet. From 10 to 15 pounds of silage a day with other roughages can be fed safely without impairing the usefulness of the animal.

Dairy bulls should have plenty of water. This matter is often neglected, especially when there is not a constant supply in the stall or pen and when the bull is difficult to handle. A bull should be watered at least once a day during the winter and twice a day during the summer.

Millet Seed Is Rather

Effective in Fattening

The several varieties of millet differ in the composition of their seeds, although the range is not great. Millet seeds, depending upon variety, contain 8 to 10 per cent water, 3 to 5 per cent ash, 10 to 12 per cent protein, 2 to 16 per cent fiber, 52 to 60 per cent nitrogen-free extract and 3 to 7 per cent fat. The seed of barnyard millet is twice as high in fiber as other varieties and is correspondingly low in nitrogen-free extract. Seed of the pearl millet has considerably more fat than other varieties.

Millet seed should always be ground for live stock feed. When ground and fed with a good roughage in the manner of other grain, millet seed is a rather effective fattening feed. At the South Dakota station millet seed proved practically equal to corn for lambs and about three-fourths as effective as corn in fattening to steers and swine.

Wheat Dockage Is Heavy,

Say Government Experts

When the grain comes through the threshing it should be looked over and if at all dirty or contains much "foreign matter," such as weed seed, other grains, etc., with but few exceptions it will pay to clean wheat on the farm. The United States Department of Agriculture tells us that they estimate farmers of four spring wheat states shipped 11,600,000 bushels of dockage with their wheat last year. This could have been saved and the price paid for a higher grade if the grain had been cleaned at the threshing with a portable disk cleaner. The dockage can be used for feed, or ground and used for poultry at a considerable saving.

Control Grub Worms in

Corn Ground by Plowing

Grub worms are controlled by fall plowing and rotation of crops. Grass crops are most susceptible to them and land that is in grasses is most liable to become infested with the worms. Therefore, when such a field is badly infested it should be followed by some crop that is not seriously injured by the grubs. They are not particularly injurious to wheat. If the soil is plowed soon and sowed to wheat the injury from grubs next spring will not be very extensive.

Cocklebur Plant Is Poisonous to Stock

Most Important to Prevent Animals Eating Weeds.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Cocklebur plants are poisonous to swine, cattle, sheep and chickens, according to the experimental findings of the United States Department of Agriculture. For a long time many people have been convinced of the poisonous properties of cockleburs when eaten by live stock, but this belief was not shared in by everybody, some contending that the deaths reported due to cockleburs were caused by the mechanical action of the burrs rather than by any toxic effect of the plant.

A series of experiments carried on by the department in the years 1920, 1921, 1922 and 1923, to determine the poisonous character of cocklebur is the basis of a report just issued as Department Bulletin 1274, in which it is concluded that the cocklebur plant is poisonous to swine, cattle, sheep and chickens. There were in all 67 experiments with swine, 11 with sheep, 12 with cattle and 10 with chickens.

To avoid the losses the most important thing is to prevent the animals from eating the weed, says the department. If there is a shortage of good forage, and animals and the young cocklebur plants, they may easily eat enough to cause serious results. Feeding milk to pigs immediately after they have eaten cockleburs has proved to be beneficial, probably because of the fat content. Successful results may be expected also when such oils and fats as bacon grease, lard and linseed oil are used as remedies.

While the burrs may produce some mechanical injury and while the seeds are very poisonous, stock poisoning, the department concludes, is caused by feeding on the very young plants before the development of true leaves.

A copy of this bulletin may be had upon request, as long as the supply lasts, from the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Soy Bean Hay Should Be

Mowed Down Like Clover

Well-cured soy-bean hay may be stacked or stored in the barn the same as any other hay. The best stage at which to cut beans for hay in order to obtain the highest feeding value is not known exactly, but it is generally considered that they should be cut when the pods are well formed and the lower ones filled. At this time the largest yield of hay per acre will be obtained, although cutting earlier will give a larger percentage of protein in the hay. If cutting is delayed too long the stalks become woody and there is a heavy loss of leaves.

Soy-bean hay should be mowed down like grass or clover and allowed to wilt in the swath, then forked into small cocks to cure slowly. Too rapid curing will cause the leaves to drop. If the weather is unfair, place the hay in windrows after it has wilted in the swath and then after it has partly cured place in large cocks. Three or four days of fairly good weather are ordinarily required to cure soy-bean hay properly.

Increased Use of Pure

Bred Sires in Kentucky

Oldham county, Ky., owes an estimated increase of \$128,938 in annual returns from its live stock and poultry to the growing use of pure bred sires. This figure is the result of calculations made by G. R. Nance, county agent for Oldham county, and reported to the United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. Nance based his reckonings on the difference between the percentage of pure bred sires used in his county and an average computed from the percentages of pure bred sires used in two adjoining counties. He then combined with this figure data on the superior utility value of pure bred sires from such sources as the United States Department of Agriculture and state experiment stations.

Farm Hints

Progressive live stock men everywhere use the silo.

Market trends and price fluctuations merit more attention than they have received.

The dairy cow is the most efficient farm animal for converting rough feeds into human food.

Open windows invite cold germs to step outside and stay there, and let the health fairies come in.

Sludge is not a substitute for grain, but it is a 100 per cent substitute for pasture when pasture is scarce.

Dairymen will always occupy a prominent and strategic place in any successful plan for balancing agriculture.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW

SENSE OF SMELL AIDS IN DETECTION OF FLAVOR.

What we know as taste is a somewhat more complicated sense than is commonly supposed. Now, with the sense of taste alone it is only possible to detect four flavors, which are sweet, sour, bitter and salt. All the more delicate flavors are discerned with the aid of the sense of smell. This is easily proved by holding the nostrils when eating any kind of jam, for instance. In such conditions it is quite impossible to detect the special flavor of the fruit.

A yet more curious point is to be found in the fact that the ability to taste is to an extent, at any rate, dependent upon sight. Few persons can detect the difference between beer and stout if they drink with their eyes closed. There are also a certain number of persons about who cannot tell tea from coffee if they shut their eyes when drinking.

Most of the men blinded during the war lost all pleasure in smoking; they said the tobacco had no flavor to them. In many cases by using stronger tobacco the lost pleasure in smoking has been regained. An interesting test for ordinary people, suggests a Scientific American authority, is to close the eyes while smoking a pipe or a cigarette. It is amazing the difference that it makes, proving beyond all doubt that seeing the curling smoke has a great deal to do with appreciating the aroma of the tobacco.

So all this seems to indicate that, after all, the sense of smell and sight are highly important in exercising our full sense of taste.

How Man Is Affected by Climatic Changes

How far change of climate and locality will in the course of time modify physical characters is a point upon which there appears to be a conflict of evidence, says Prof. James A. Lind say in the Nineteenth Century. The Jaw, so careful of the preservation of his racial purity, seems in all countries to retain his physical characteristics. It is said that after six generations the British residents in Barbados show no variation from the average Anglo-Saxon type. On the other hand, there is evidence that a company of a few hundred Germans of Wurtemberg, who in the year 1816 settled in Transcaucasia, in a few generations lost many of their original features, and became approximated to the prevailing Georgian type, although there had been no intermarriage. There is some reason to believe that the United States is developing an American type of which squareness of jaw is one of the features. In Australia there is an impression that the young Australian of the third or fourth generation is developing a relatively tall and slender figure, the so-called "corn-stalk" type, although it may be doubted whether the physique of the Australian military forces in the great war corroborated this view. The whole subject is singularly obscure.

How Brain Affects Eye

The man who is clumsy, with his hands, who cannot perform delicate tasks with tools, shoot straight or play such a game as baseball probably lacks a correct balance between the muscular systems of his two eyes. E. C. Clements, British physician and aviator, told the psychologists of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. This observation resulted from studies of eye disorders which rendered British pilots incapable of landing airplanes successfully during the war. Two factors are involved in successful binocular vision, he said. The impulses which are received from the two eyes must be interpreted correctly by the brain. In response to this stimulus there must be efficient co-ordination of the muscles responding. In many cases, says the Medical Journal and Record, such defects can be removed by special visual training exercises.

How Police Train Horses

The school for training police horses at London attracts police authorities from all over the world. Police horses are not recruited from any special breed, although good stock offers itself better to work with. To teach them to not get excited, the trainers place the raw horses in a great arena with trained animals, and suddenly, without warning, drop hundreds of fluttering flags into their midst. The peaceful demeanor of the trained horses soon is imparted to the raw animals. This and similar tricks soon make them invulnerable to excitement from such causes.

How Mail Box "Travels"

On a R. F. D. route at Meredith, N. H., there is an ingenious traveling mail box on the Robinson place. The box runs on wires, through the woods, the trees having been trimmed to allow the progress of the mail box from the highway to the picturesquely situated farmhouse. When the carrier has placed the mail in the box he gives the wire a tug and a member of the household, perched on a bicycle three-quarters of a mile away, pedals the machine and draws the box to its destination.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 4, 1824

The votes of Presidential electors of this state who met in Bristol on Wednesday, were for John Quincy Adams, 4 votes; for Vice President, John C. Calhoun 3; Mr. Watson cast a blank vote for Vice President. The votes in Massachusetts (16) were all for Adams.

There were 14 deaths in this town last month, 2 males, 11 females, all grown people, and 1 child.

The ship Vulture, of Nantucket, put in to this port last week, in distress. She, having been repaired, put to sea yesterday for Liverpool. On going out of the harbor she grounded on the south point of Goat Island, and occasioned her to leak so that she was compelled to return to port.

The drawing of the Union Meeting House lottery will take place December 3d. The Literature Lottery will be drawn December 15.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 8, 1849

We are grieved to announce the death of our old friend, Hon. William Hunter, late Ambassador to Brazil, who died on Monday evening last, in his 76th year. He has held many offices of public trust, both in city, state and nation. His death is deeply mourned by everybody in Newport, as well as by the state and nation.

Quick Conclusion: A workman in the office of the Providence Journal, took the California fever while he was working out of the outside of that paper, left his business, gathered his traps together, and in four hours after his determination was made, he was on his way to the gold diggings.

The Ship Crescent City arrived here yesterday from Chagres. She brings the mail from San Francisco to the first of November, and eight hundred thousand dollars in gold dust, and one hundred and sixty passengers.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 5, 1874

The city had a balance in the Rhode Island Union Bank on November 29 of \$182,091.05. The entire tax assessment for 1874 was \$250,000.

The City Marshal reports 128 persons arrested in the last quarter, 96 lodged and fed, 22 convicted of various crimes.

Thomas W. Bicknell, our present state school commissioner, is about to resign, it is reported, to take editorial charge of a new educational paper published in Boston. (Fifty years later the venerable ex-School Commissioner is as hale and hearty as ever.)

Dr. Stanton of this city will sail for Glasgow on the 10th inst. He leaves a good substitute in the person of his partner, Dr. Squire, who will attend to the business of the firm during Dr. Stanton's absence.

Mr. Forj reports an active inquiry for building lots and unimproved property. His sales since the last report amount to \$142,321.

That individual who left his wife and went home from the lecture alone the other night, forgetting that he took any wife with him to the lecture, must be put down as rather an absent-minded man. We presume, however, that the wife quickened his memory when she arrived.

A Newport man went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found a note from his wife on the table: "I've gone out; you will find the door key on one side the door step."

The First National Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent.

Things not generally known: That the plays of Shakespeare were written by Lord Bacon; and that Oliver Cromwell was the author of "Paradise Lost," but published under the name of his Latin secretary, as he thought poetry beneath the dignity of the Lord High Protector.

The fire department during the last quarter has cost \$3,125.10, the amount of property destroyed by fire.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 2, 1899

Capt. A. A. Barker, 26th U. S. Infantry, is in line of promotion. Captain Barker is Senior Captain, and Col. Rice of the regiment, has been recommended for promotion. It looks as though Captain Barker would soon become Major in the regular army.

Second class battleship Texas, Capt. Sigbee, arrived in our harbor Saturday. She will shortly sail for Cuba to bring back the remains of the martyrs of the Maine for interment in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

An Internal Revenue Inspector has been in town this week looking after the enforcement of the revenue laws.

The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., occurs on December 27. The occasion will be commemorated by brief exercises, the real celebration having been held in September.

rated by brief exercises, the real celebration having been held in September.

Mr. James W. Langley, who has been in the employ of Mr. J. M. K. Southwick for 18 years, will shortly start business for himself in the store in the Franch building.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Titus and Mr. Alonzo Titus of Salem, Mass., spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Titus, in this city.

Adams Express Company has sent out from this city this fall seventeen special stock cars with horses belonging to summer residents of Newport.

Natural Pipe Line

While some workmen in Bath, Maine, were quarrying stone they uncovered at a depth of about twenty feet a water conduit about three feet wide and two feet high. The conduit was in a solid ledge and it is of uniform diameter its full length, 200 feet. The four sides are deeply corrugated, showing that at some time water ran through it at great pressure. It is one of the few of nature's pipe lines that have been exposed.—Scientific American.

Poetical Burmese Belief

This is a belief of people of Burma. Dorothy Dix says that the Burmese believe that the soul, in the form of a butterfly, leaves the body while we sleep. They will never waken a sleeper for fear his butterfly may not be able to get back quickly enough to its habitation, the soul having gone wandering during the person's sleep.

Significance in Perfume

After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with stuff scented with violets, his favorite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favored they would offer a pinch and ask significantly, "Do you like this perfume?"

Be True to Yourself

It is difficult to be always true to ourselves, to be always what we wish to be, what we feel we ought to be. As long as we feel that, as long as we do not surrender the ideal of our life, all is right. Our aspirations represent the true nature of our soul much more than our everyday life.—Muller.

Church's Solid Foundation

The foundation of St. John the Divine church in New York is laid on solid pre-Cambrian rock, among the oldest in creation, so that it is likely to endure longer than many of the old-world cathedrals that are in danger of collapse because of sandy or swampy bases.

"Pyrrhic Victory"

This phrase is used to denote a victory won at tremendous cost and refers to the battle of Asculum, in which Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, won a victory over the Romans while sustaining such heavy losses that he is said to have exclaimed, "Another such victory and Pyrrhus is destroyed."

Son to Be Proud Of

An old lady's son was working in the city. The youth, being very dutiful, sent his mother a telegram informing her of his success in passing an examination. "Good boy, my Clarence," she told a friend; "look how beautifully he has learned to typewrite lately."

Name Is Misnomer

So-called camel-hair paintbrushes are not so named because they are made from hairs out of the camel's skin. They are made from squirrel's fur and were first made by a man named Camel, whose identity has been completely lost for many years.

Tin Cans Bad for Plants

Tin cans should not be used as containers for growing plants. Besides being unsightly, tin cans rust and kill the tips of the tender roots. Occasionally fine plants are grown in tins, but they would have been better if grown in pots.

Trustful Doris

"Your husband is wild about you, isn't he?" asked Phyllis. "Yes," replied Doris; "he raves about me in his sleep, but the poor absent-minded fellow nearly always calls me by the wrong name."

Need to Know One Another

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day.—Swift.

Carpet for the Cellar

A piece of old carpet placed at the bottom of the cellar steps will prove a wonderful help in preventing marks from rubber heels on the clean kitchen linoleum.

Point of Resemblance

Lightning bugs are not so different from certain men. A lightning bug can see where he has been but not where he is going.—Charlotte Observer.

Talkers' Word Records

A rapid and experienced talker making a speech on a subject which he fully understands will speak at a rate of about 8,000 words an hour.

ANCIENT RELICS TO BELONG TO MUSEUM

Fine Archeological Collection for Houston, Texas.

One of the largest and most interesting archeological collections in the Southwest is that of Prof. W. F. Cummins, oil geologist for the Southern Pacific railroad. Professor Cummins has announced his intention of presenting this wonderful collection of ancient relics to the Houston museum. It consists of several hundred stone and clay images which he found in the Maya ruins in Yucatan, Mexico, and many strange objects which he unearthed in exploring prehistoric mounds in Missouri.

One specimen is a sacred image carved in stone, found nearly forty years ago in a Missouri mound, pronounced by expert geologists of the government not only genuine, but the finest specimen ever found from the mounds and remains of the prehistoric civilized race of the United States, probably thousands of years old. Professor Cummins refused an offer of \$5,000 for it, or for a cast of it, from a government scientific institution. But he kept it as the only one of its kind for presentation to the Houston museum.

The workmanship of this stone image is perfect, requiring high artistic skill in conception and execution, indicating that an advanced degree of civilization had been reached, as well as a knowledge of species of animals that have not existed for thousands of years on this continent.

The image has the head of an eagle, the horn of a rhinoceros, the feet of an elephant, the shell of a tortoise, the flippers of a seal and the tail of a Gila monster, also the wings of a grasshopper or locust. It is stained with a brown pigment of some unknown substance, and when discovered was incased in red clay. It is carved from a fine-grained hard white limestone, is 85 inches long and weighs 68 pounds. When found a small creek had cut away part of the mound, leaving some of the image exposed. It has been in Professor Cummins' possession since 1883.

As the ancients of central Asia had the tradition of the Nonchian deluge, destroying the most of the world, so also the ancient American races had a similar tradition. Having suffered from great destruction of vegetation in what are now some of the western states, their tradition was that the world was destroyed by swarms of grasshoppers. This image commemorates the destruction of the world by grasshoppers, according to Professor Cummins.

The Worry Killer

"Don't worry," says the doctor and "don't worry," says the friend, but "how can I stop worrying," says the worried one. "When I have so much to worry about?" Recreation offers the means, says one who knows. Every man should have a hobby or two to divert his mind and relax the tension of business and other cares.

Chauncey Depew took up speech-making as a hobby. In order to prepare and deliver his after-dinner speeches, he was compelled to completely forget his duties as railroad president. He is more than ninety years old now and is still serving the New York Central railroad. Gardening, music, reading, art and a thousand other things offer opportunities for persons to forget their troubles. Play is the best kind of exercise and calisthenics will help. Keep busy and do not eat too much.

A Book Ledger

I got my most definite literary stimulus from my father, who continually managed to inculcate in me an interest in good books. On my last visit home I found put away in a safety deposit box a ledger which shows he presented it to me on my eleventh birthday, and in which he had written the request that I should note the name of every book I read and with a brief review tell the impression it made on me. I faithfully kept up that record until I was through college. As I looked over it the other day, re-reading the boyish scrawls on the earlier pages, I found in an elaborate discussion of "Scottish Chiefs" the beginning of a taste, literary or otherwise—but anyway for reading—that has still endured.—Will H. Hays, in Hearst's International.

His Walk in Life

Worried Mother—I'm sure I don't know what we'll ever do with Harold when he grows up, John. Did you ever see such impossibly long legs? "Don't worry, my dear. Perhaps we can let him out to realtors to prove that their houses are within easy walking distance of the station."—Life.

Not That Kind

"I fancy you are a typical Arkansan, don't you know?" said the spectacled tourist. "Wall, any by-gosh time you figger that I'm typical," grimly replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, "you just try to tip me over and—ptu—find out."—Kansas City Star.

First Aid

"What did you do when Bluebelle fainted from the heat?" "Rushed her into a drug store for first aid." "Did that help her?" "Oh, yes. The soda clerk fixed her up a nice ice cream sundae."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spreading the Scriptures

If the present rate of distribution of the Bible is maintained the whole world may be supplied before the end of the century, says the New York Times. A high-water mark was reached last year, according to recent reports, when 80,000,000 copies of the Scriptures found their way into parts of all lands.

Of last year's total about one-fourth was the output of the American Bible society, an organization that since its birth 108 years ago has issued almost 100,000,000 volumes of Scriptures. For the second time in its history the society last year exceeded the 7,000,000-copy mark, an increase of 2,600,000 over the previous year.

Lawyer's Clients Defined

A group of lawyers was conversing on divorce subjects recently in one of the corridors of the courthouse. They were joined by a young member of the profession who was bitterly denouncing the stupidity of his client who had just been cross-examined on the witness stand, and had become hopelessly confused by the opposition. "Why, the darn fool," the young man began, but was stopped by Henry Spuman, one of the attorneys in the group, who said:

"Young man, did you ever stop to think that were it not for the darn fools, we lawyers would be without means of support?"—Indianapolis News.

An old shed was blown down by the wind at Smith's Mills, Me., and parts of its wall were carried across the Main Central tracks. A freight train of the Mountain division came along shortly afterward and the pony trucks of the locomotive were derailed, tearing up 300 yards of track.

George E. McDonough of Lawrence, Mass., arrested last Sept. 13 on a charge of violating the liquor laws, was found not guilty when he appeared in the district court for the 13th time, in connection with the case.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 25th, 1924.

Estate of Frank Davenport

ABDIE M. DAVENPORT, Administrator of the estate of Frank Davenport, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, of supporting his family and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in the following estate, located in Thurston avenue, in the city of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bounded and described as follows:—Southwesterly, fifty (50) feet on Thurston avenue; Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet on land of Weaver and Friend; Southeasterly fifty (50) feet on land of Turner; Northeasterly one hundred (100) feet on land of Wilson, together with certain buildings thereon.

And further representing, that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that she may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the Fifteenth day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 24th, 1924.

Estate of Patrick J. Boyle

ALICE B. BOYLE, of said Newport, Executor of the last will and testament of Patrick J. Boyle, late of said Newport, deceased, presents her petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of all that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Easterly on Clarke street; Southerly on Mary street; Westerly on land now or formerly of the City of Newport; and Northerly on land now or formerly of Lydia K. Melville; and containing two thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight (2558) square feet of land, more or less. And further representing, that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that she may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-second day of December instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, December 1st, 1924.

Estate of James W. Robertson

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Administrator of the estate of James W. Robertson, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased for allowance, which account shows distribution to the heirs-at-law; and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-second day of December instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, December 1st, 1924.

Estate of John H. Wetherell

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary Lawrence Wetherell has qualified as Executor of the will of John H. Wetherell, late of Newport, deceased. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning December 6th, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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drought this fall was the longest con-
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folks tell you that winter never sets
in for good till the streams are full.
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have to wait some time longer before
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